Ero Manga Sensei Volume 2

source : http://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php?title=Ero_Manga_Sensei:Volume_2

ふ-8-19

えろまんがせんせい

エロマンガ先生

eromanga sensei

2

妹と世界で一番面白い小説

いもうととせかいでいちばんおもしろいしょうせつ

伏見つかさ

イラスト◆かんざきひろ

電撃文庫

エロマンガ先生②

妹と世界で一番面白い小説

伏見つかさ

電撃文庫

9784048665315

1920193005905

ISBN978-4-04-866531-5
C0193 ¥590E

ASCII MEDIA WORKS
アスキー・メディアワークス

KADOKAWA 発行●株式会社KADOKAWA

定価:本体590円
※消費税が別に加算されます

eromanga sensei

「集え、次代のラノベ王!」
月刊ラノベジャンプ
ラノベ天下一武闘会

えろまんがせんせい

エロマンガ先生

妹と
世界で一番
面白い小説

2

伏見つかさ

イラスト◆かんざきひろ

eromanga
sensei

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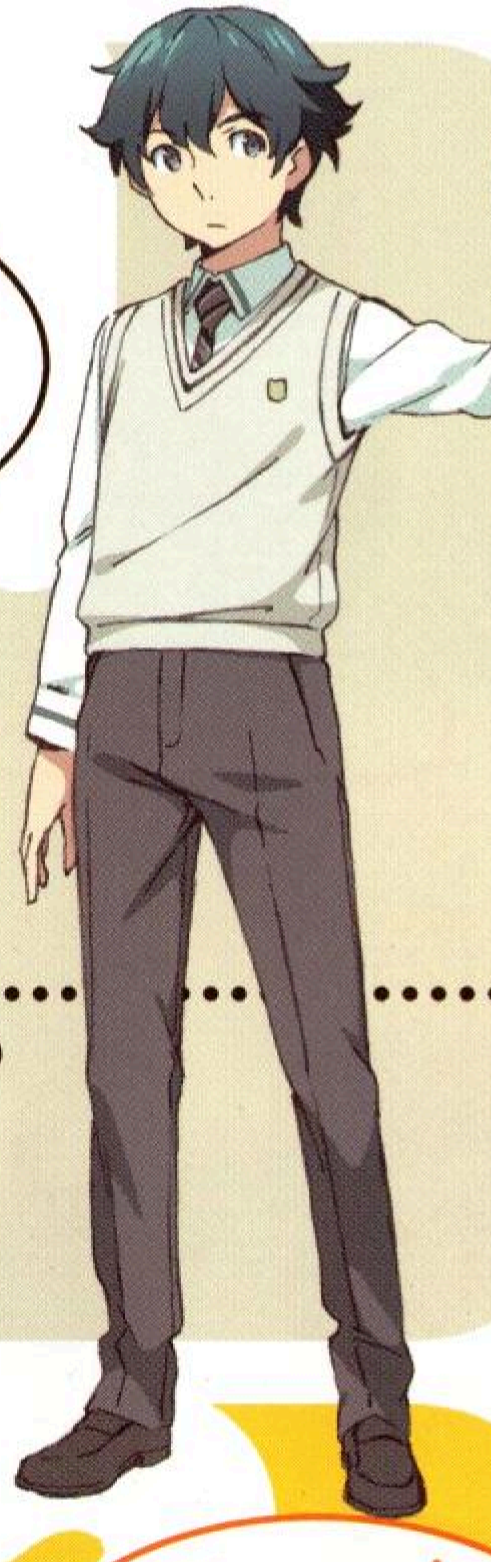
「集え、次代のラノベ王！」
月刊ラノベジャンプ
ラノベ天下一武闘会
イラスト/かんざきひろ

デザイン●伸童舎

（兄さんが、私に……
大事な話って……
ど、どうしよう……）
eromanga sensei②
imouto to sekai de ichiban omosiroi syousetsu
Sagiri Izumi
エロマンガ先生
妹と世界で一番面白い小説

#

Masamune Izumi
和泉正宗
（いずみ・まさむね）

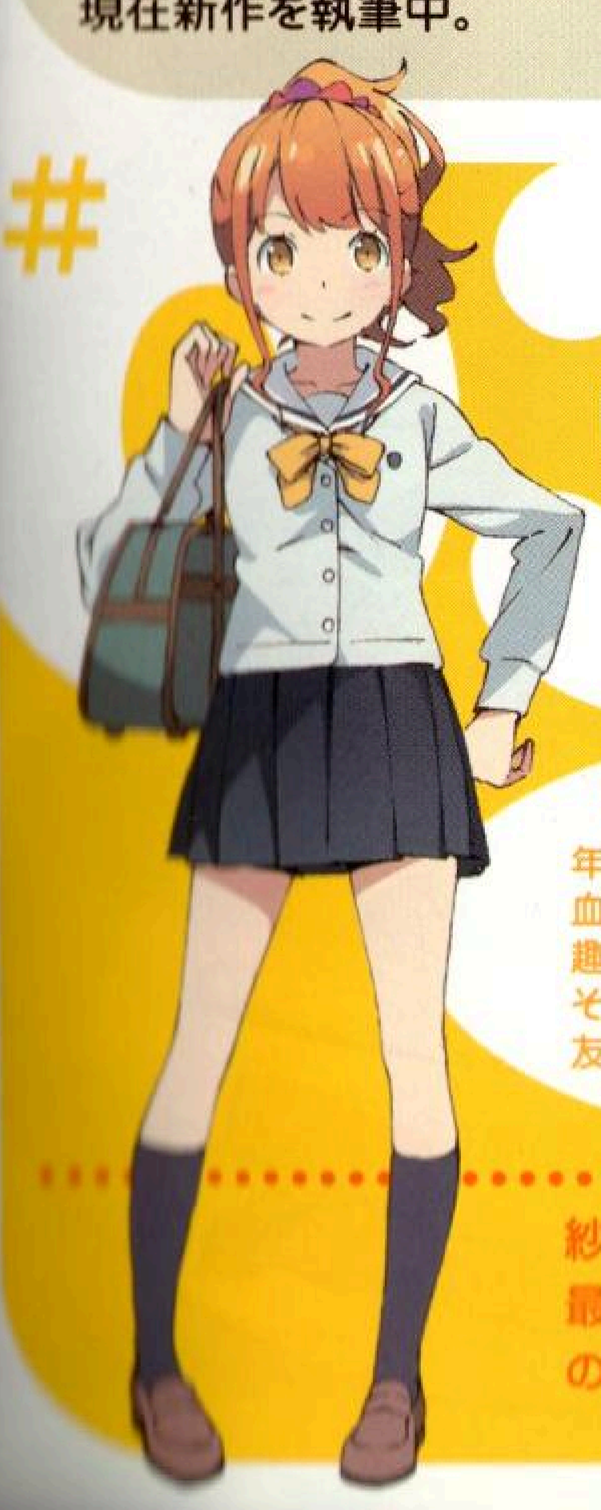


Personal Data

PN:和泉マサムネ
年齢:15歳（高1）
血液型:A型
使用機種:Let's note

高校に通いながら小説家の仕事をしている。PNは和泉マサムネ。現在新作を執筆中。

#



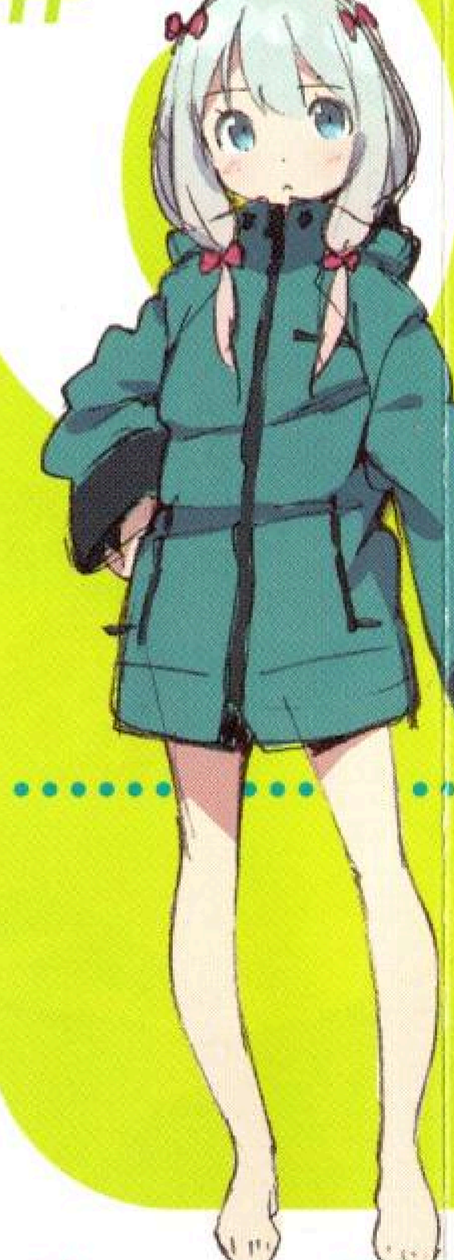
Megumi Jinno
神野めぐみ
（じんの・めぐみ）

Personal Data

年齢:12歳（中1）
血液型:B型
趣味:友達作り　スポーツ全般
その他流行しているものならなんでも。
友達が好きなものならなんでも。

紗霧のクラスメイト。人間関係最強のスーパー委員長で紗霧の天敵。

#



Sagiri Izumi
和泉紗霧
（いずみ・さぎり）

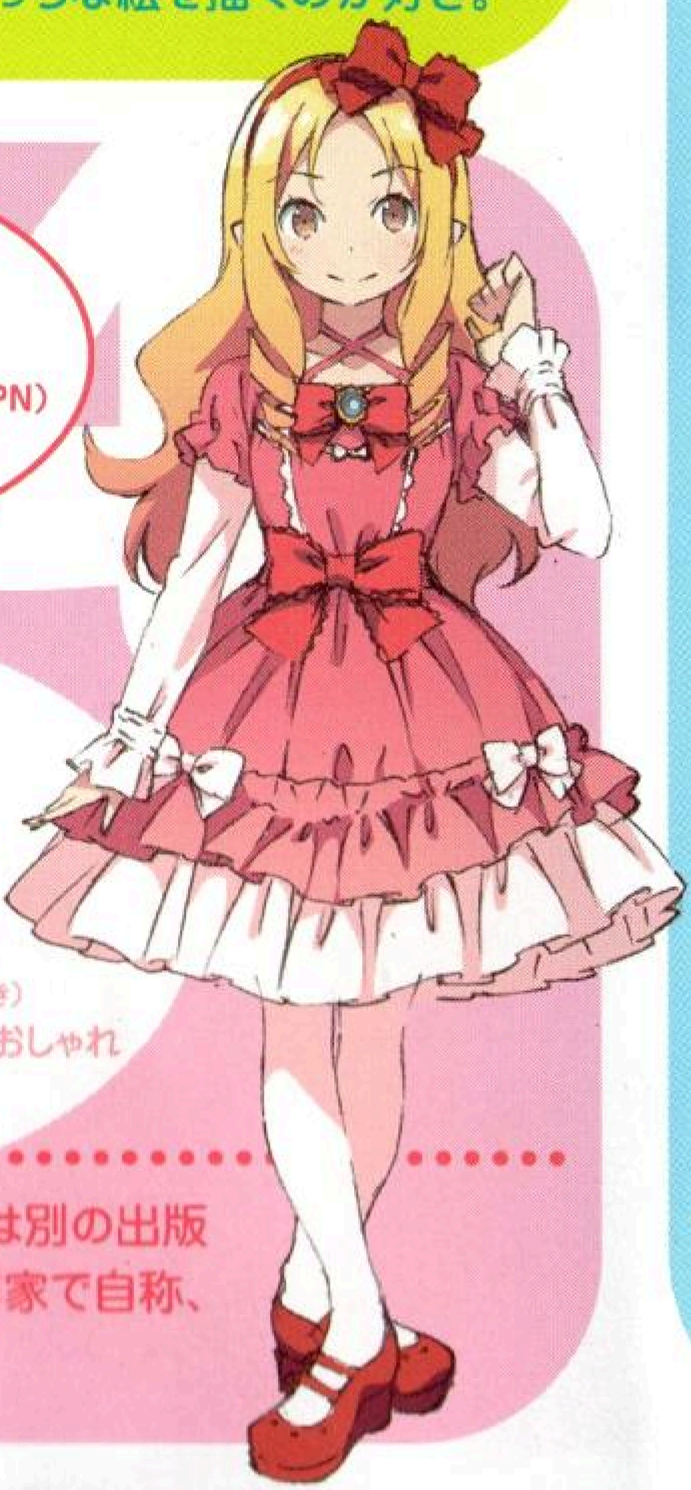
Personal Data

PN:エロマンガ先生
※なぜか『先生』をつけて呼ばれることが多い。
年齢:12歳（中1）
血液型:A型
趣味:動画配信　イラスト
読書　ゲーム

正宗の、血のつながらない妹。重度の引きこもりだがエロマンガ先生というPNでイラストレーターをしている。えっちな絵を描くのが好き。

#

Elf Yamada
山田エルフ（PN）
（やまだ・えるふ）

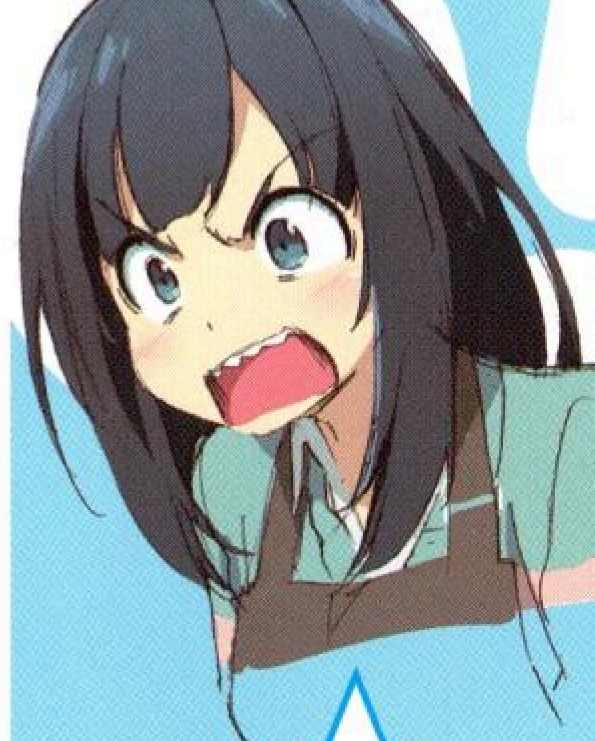


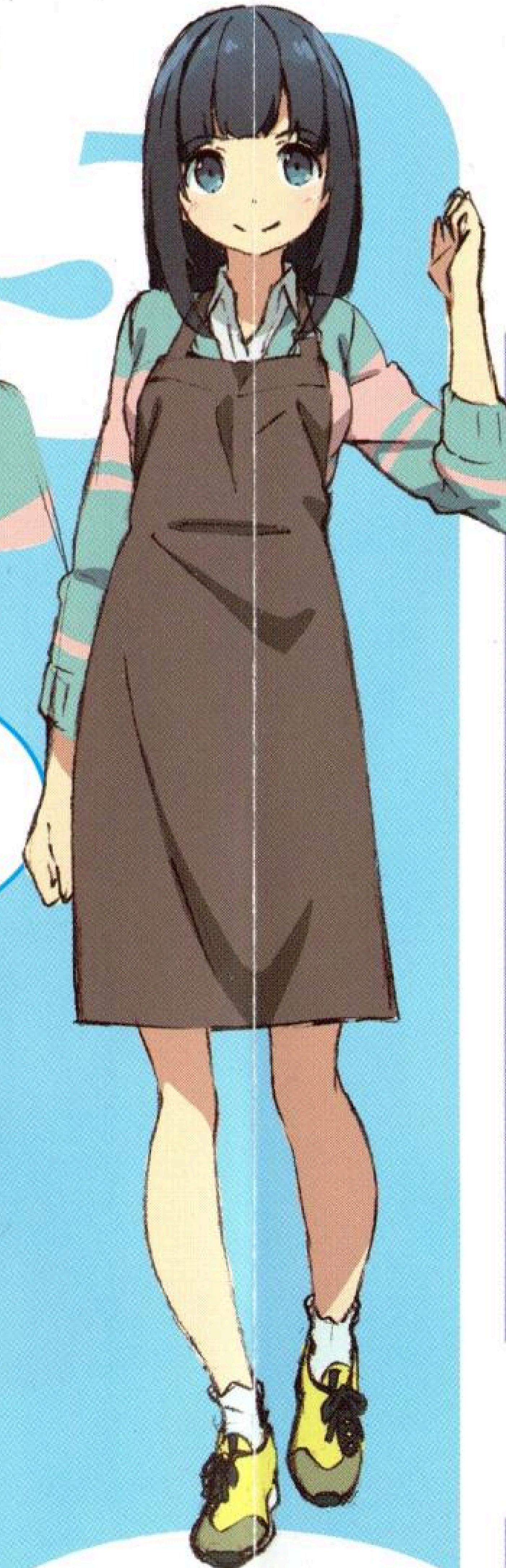
Personal Data

PN:山田エルフ
年齢:13歳（中2）
血液型:忘れたわ!（※本人談）
使用機種:MacBook
趣味:小説執筆　ゲーム　アニメ
読書　演奏（ピアノ・琴・三味線が特に好き）
料理　掃除　模様替え　入浴　おしゃれ
その他インドア系の娯楽全般。

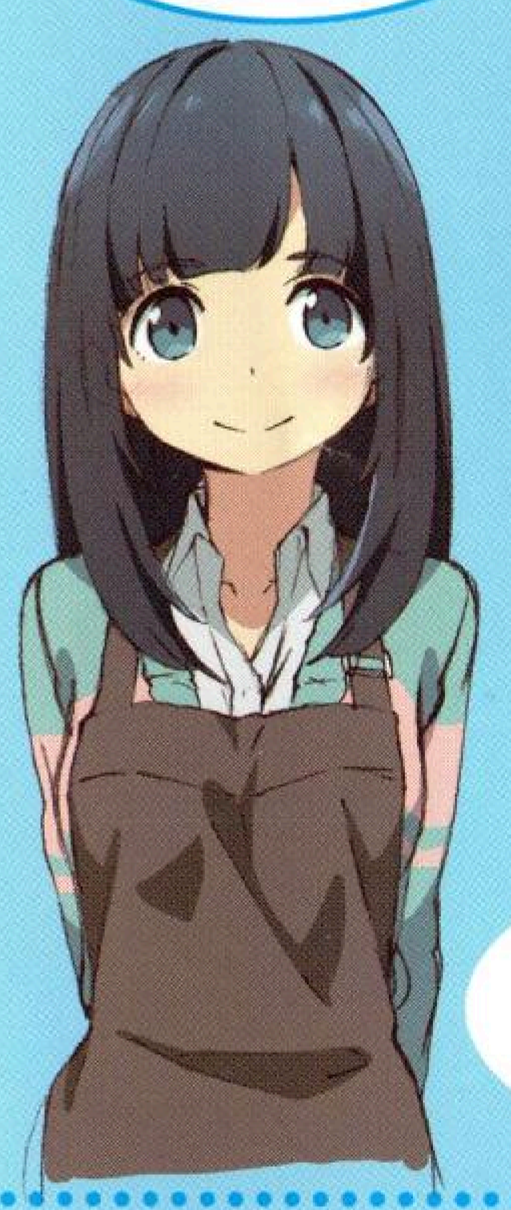
和泉家のお隣さん。正宗とは別の出版社で活躍中の超売れっ子作家で自称、大小説家（グレーター・ノベリスト）。

#





Tomoe Takasago
高砂智恵
（たかさご ともえ）



Personal Data

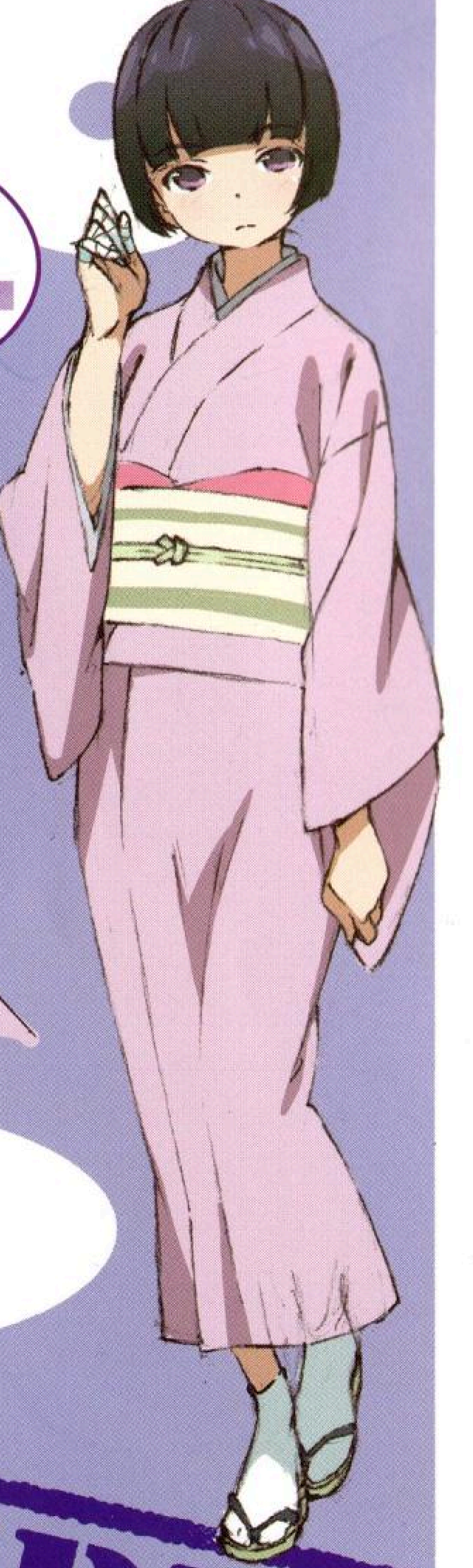
年齢:15歳（高1）
血液型:A型
趣味:読書　スニーカー集め

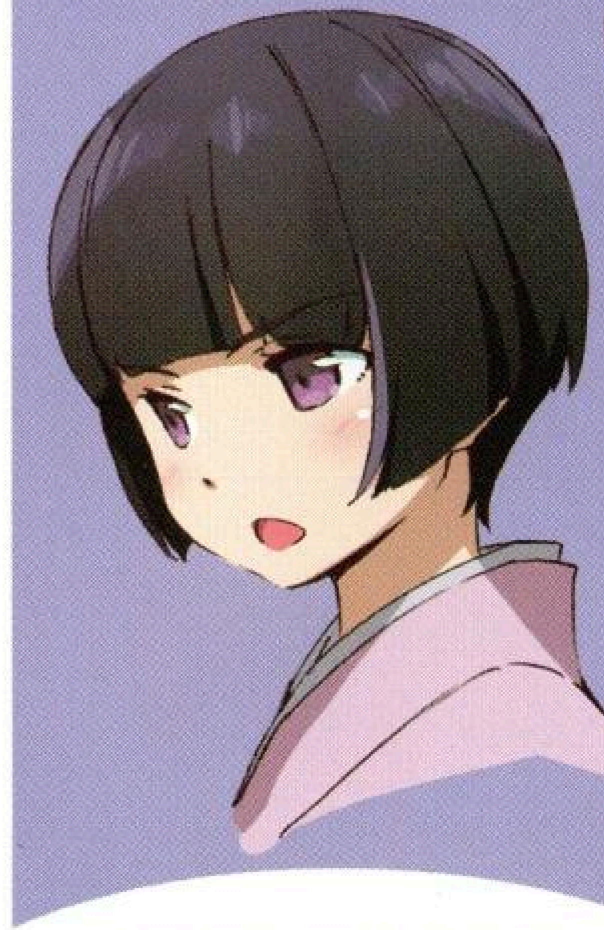
正宗の同級生で「たかさご書店」の看板娘。正宗の職業を知る異性の友人。

#

極秘

[redacted]





Personal Data

年齢:14歳（中2）
血液型:O型
趣味:「面白い小説」を読むこと。

SECRET

[redacted]

第一章

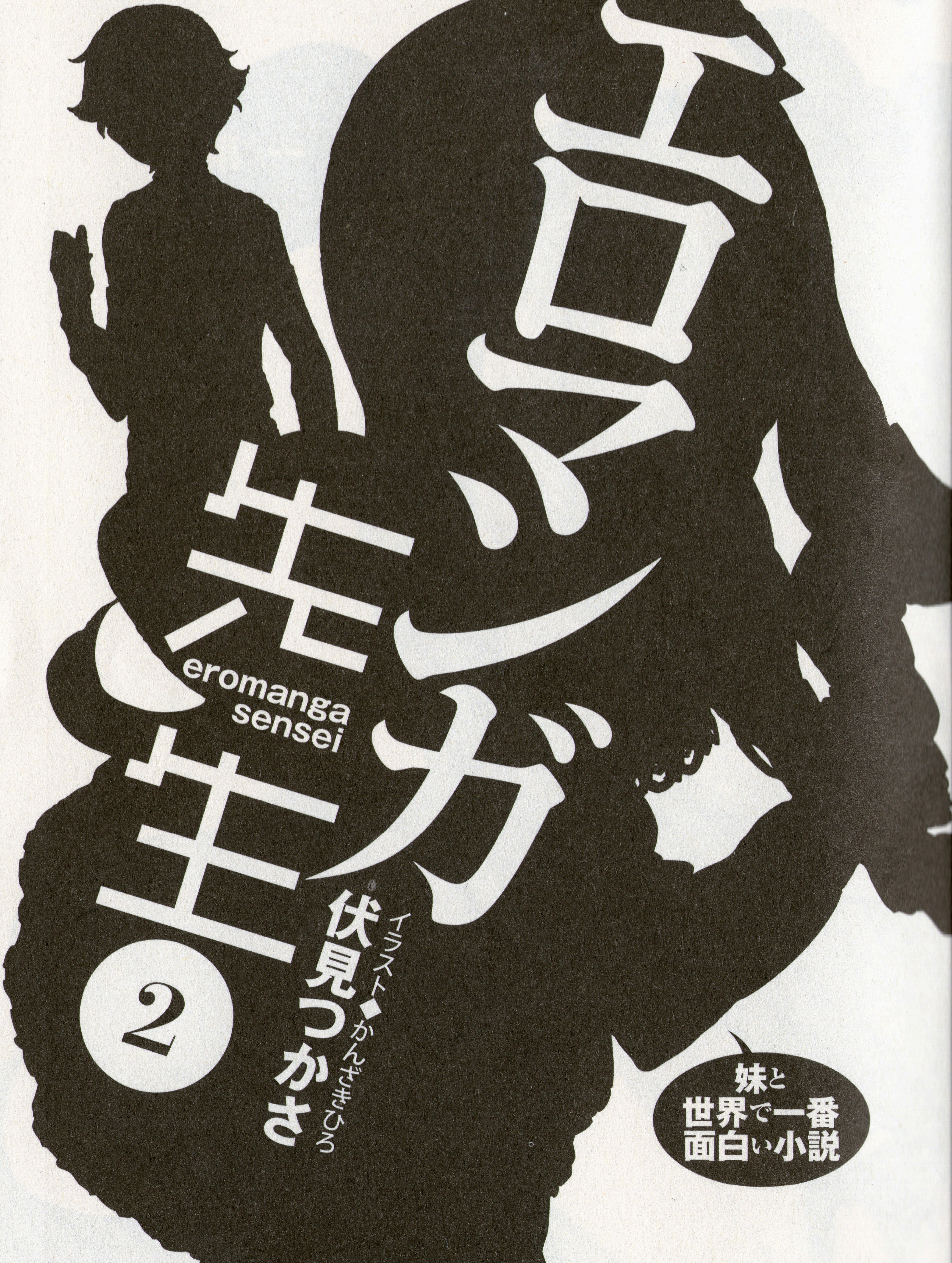
Chapter 1

えろまんがせんせい

エロマンガ先生

eromanga sensei

2



伏見つかさ

イラスト／かんざきひろ

妹と世界で一番面白い小説

Izumi Masamune. Fifteen years old. High school student.

I'm working as a novel author while still attending school.

My pen name is Izumi Masamune, basically it's my real name too.

Due to certain circumstances, I have been living alone with my hikikomori little sister for a year.

This little sister of mine is very troublesome – she never comes out of her room.

We live under the same roof, but I barely get a chance to see her face. I had trouble thinking of how to improve the situation, on the other hand every day I still bring her meal to her 'locked room'.

Until a day in April ---

The situation changed.

By accident, I found out about my little sister's secret identity.

My novel illustrator, Eromanga-sensei.

My partner that I had never meet before.

'He' is my little sister – Izumi Sagiri.

Someone who makes live video streams, someone who enjoys talking with his fans.

Someone who loves erotic illustrations above all else, and someone who is so good that even a bestselling author loves him.

That is Eromanga-sensei, and it turned out "he" and my hikikomori little sister were the same person!

This was no longer a surprise.

I think this is a chance. A chance for me to improve my relationship with my hikikomori little sister.

Because my little sister, who lives together with me -- is my partner.

However… well, a lot happened afterwards.

For example, I finally saw my little sister after a year. The locked room's door would open sometimes as well.

For example, the bestselling author Yamada Elf. In order to keep her away from Eromanga-sensei, I had a showdown with her.

For example, my little sister now knew that I loved her from the moment that we met.

And…

"Then I'll bring you out of your room to watch the anime together! My original story, your character designs, *our* anime!"

We shared a common dream.

The two of us took our first step together.

That was a few days ago. Now, it was a very sunny morning in June.

As usual, I was making a meal for my little sister.

Today I made seafood salad and carrot soup. And since I made it according to my little sister's taste, I made it less salty.

When I first made her a meal, she wouldn't touch anything.

Do you know how many times I failed at trying to get her to eat everything? It took a lot of training on my part.

"Phew."

Back then, I was very happy when the dish that she sent back was empty.

While I was putting salad into a dish, the ceiling shook.

"Alright, alright, I'm coming."

That was the signal that my hikkikomori little sister was hungry .

I left the kitchen, passed the living room, and the corridor. The stairs, which lead to the second floor, were on my right. I tried to put everything on a tray and began walking.

My destination – the locked room – my little sister's room.

"Sagiri ~ meal's here ~"

Even though I called for her… there was no response, despite the fact that she just signaled 'I'm hungry' a moment before.

Actually, after all that happened, I had no chance to see my little sister's face anymore.

It was so hard to get an improvement…but the situation seemed to have reverted back to the way it was before.

"I have someone I like"

My feelings toward Sagiri were very complicated.

My broken heart was still in pain. But at the same time, I felt that it might be for the best.

Although I took the advantage of the situation and tried to strike while the iron was hot, my feelings were real.

Maybe it was for the best. Although I didn't know if that was true, I decided to put my feelings behind me and fulfill my original purpose.

--- However.

Back then, if Sagiri had said 'yes' to my confession…where would we be?

"What am I thinking?"

I shook my head to clear those thoughts.

"Sagiri~ I'll leave it at the door~ make sure to eat it~"

I put the tray down and returned to the stairs – purposely making as much noise as I can.

Then I stopped and silently returned to her door.

The reason I did that was ….

Because I really wanted to see my little sister's face again – besides, there was something I had to tell my only partner – Eromanga-sensei, my only family member - Sagiri.

After a while, the locked room's door opened slightly with a * creakkkkkkkkkkk*

Needless to say, this was Sagiri trying to get her meal.

A few moments later, the door continued to open more. Of course, unless she did that, she wouldn't be able to get the tray into her room. After the door was about seventy percent open, I jumped to it.

"!"

There was a silver haired girl, her eyes were open wide. The girl in the pajamas was none other than my little sister, Izumi Sagiri.

The cutest little sister in the world – the most reliable partner in the world.

"Eh?"

I raised a hand to signal that I wanted to talk.

"Ya! Oh…."

Then my little sister ---- Blushed

Creakkkkkkk

Slam

She immediately closed the door. Ugh….so she hates me….

This is not your dream – this is our dream

Although we had made that promise, back then, I made a confession to her as a member of the opposite sex. It's understandable that she would be wary of me… I was affected too.

But… today, even if I didn't have a plan, I couldn't back down anymore.

I knocked on the door.

"Sagiri…er….Wait a second! I have something very important to tell you!"

A few seconds later, the door creak and opened a bit. Through the gap, I could see Sagiri's little face.

"Something, very important?"

Even that response was a big achievement compared to April and before. Back then, no matter how much I asked she would never open the door.

"Ah…about that…that…."

Sagiri blushed, she looked embarrassed.

She was actually different from her appearance. The truth is, it wasn't very easy to read her feelings through her facial expressions – but…

Today Sagiri… there were some subtle flickers of emotion there, but she was also very cute…

Just a few days without seeing me and she slammed the door shut while blushing. Then after I said that I had something important to tell her, she turned into this.

It would be a bit too much if the reason was because she read my love-letter-like-manuscript…

"Nii…You…you have something …important …to tell me?"

"Yes…So, I …" I began

"Wait….wait!" She interjected

"Eh?"

"I need….to prepare myself."

She looked down and whispered, before looking up and slowly closed the door.

"………..What is it she needs to prepare for?"

I titled my head, unable to figure it out.

Ten minutes later ---

(Nii-san said he had something important… to tell me….what should I do…)

Still looking embarrassed, my little sister held the hem of her short skirt, revealing her smooth white thighs.

I simply couldn't look at her, because if I did, it would look like she wasn't wearing anything below.

"What is with… those clothes?" It was hard for me to even say ' what'.

"……….Inappropriate?" She asked

"No, it's not that…however… its..

Super ero!" I exclaimed

"….Is that so?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, okay." She consented.

I secretly glanced at my little sister and saw that she was smiling happily. I can honestly say that my heart was racing enough to kill me.

Why do you look this way now?

Why did Sagiri choose a skirt that was both ero and cute today?

I couldn't think of anything. Now, I was in Heaven and Hell at the same time.

Seeing where was I looking, Sagiri tried harder to hold the hem of her skirt down.

"….Don't, don't stare…."

"…Sorry."

Wait, why am I sorry?

She was the one who chose this. The corner of her lips were raised slightly.

"About…" I started.

"Yes?"

"Sagiri…why did you suddenly pick those clothes? You were always in your pajamas before now – ah, could it be!"

'Could it be that you have decided to go out' was impossible.

I stopped myself from finishing what I was saying.

Forget it, I didn't believe that such miracles could occur. If her hikikomori could be cured so easily, I wouldn't have been so troubled last year. Not to mention the fact that I would never allow her to go out in such erotic clothing.

"Then why…."

"….You don't know?" She asked

"No, I don't."

"Mwu…you really don't know…even though you did let me read that thing…."

Sagiri puffed out her cheeks, which made her face look like a balloon. So cute…No, now wasn't the time. Unable to figure out why she was acting unhappy, I continued:

"That?…You mean…that manuscript?"

"Yes, that's right."

Sagiri blushed. Now that she mentioned it, I felt embarrassed too.

I let Sagiri read a manuscript that was also a love letter at the same time.

I have someone I like.

And she rejected me.

But - What was the connection between that and Sagiri wearing such ero clothing?

After much deliberation, I decided to tell her my current conclusion:

"Well, after I let you read that, it's understandable that you'd be wary of me."

I had a feeling that my answer would decide my relationship with Sagiri from now on. Thus, I looked directly into her eyes and said:

"I like you."

"!"

Sagiri froze. Ah~ even her ears turned red.

"…So…direct…."

"I've liked you from the moment that we meet – but."

I seriously declared:

"I also want to be your elder brother. It's impossible for a brother and sister to fall in love with each other, right? So don't worry. As an elder brother, I won't do anything perverted to my little sister."

" -------------- Eh!?"

"You might not believe me right now, but I'll try to earn your trust."

"No, no, that's not what I meant."

Sagiri looked confused, she interrupted me:

"…..Why do you think that way?"

"What do you mean?"

"When…when I said I 'have someone I like'…."

"Ah, you meant 'I can't return your feelings', right? I got it."

"------------------------------"

Sagiri instantly looked lost. I was totally unable to guess what she was thinking.

"……..Sagiri?"

"…………"

With a deadpan expression, Sagiri returned to her room, put her headphones on and came back.

And then ---- She screamed

[You stupid~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ pig!]

The volume of the scream shook my face. I quickly covered my ears:

"~~~~~~~~~~~~ ! What? What exactly is going on?"

"I don't care! You pig! You let me see that kind of thing! Because you said you have something important to say…! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh really!!!"

*Clang*She threw her headphones away.

Her voice full of anger, Sagiri folded her arms across her chest and asked:

"So…what's the important thing you wanted to talk about?"

"Before that, can you explain why you're angry ----"

"That's that, don't mention it anymore! What is this important thing, tell me!"

It seemed like it's impossible to ask her now so I got to the main topic:

"The important thing is…well, I will say it directly."

"….'kay."

I coughed and said:

"Let's write an outline together."

"………………Eh?"

A few minutes later.

I sat cross-legged inside the locked room, in front of my little sister. Sagiri was squatting down, wearing her full body wool dress, which made it impossible for me to not pay attention to her thighs.

"…An outline…what exactly do you mean?"

"Um…recently, I finished a new original manuscript."

"Yes?"

"I plan to turn it into a novel, become popular, and get an anime based on it – then watch it together with you. This is 'our dream'."

" ------- Yes."

"To begin our first step…we need to make sure that the publisher can use it in a formal operation."

"……..After you have an outline, would it be easy to make a novel quickly?"

I smiled slightly.

"Ah, it's not that. I can't afford to have my editor say anything aside from 'we can use this'. So, to do something like that, I plan to write an outline."

"………"

Hearing me say this, Sagiri titled her head.

Ah, seems like she doesn't get it.

"Book outline – in short, it's like a presentation, a demo –to show the work, like a base model."

Under normal circumstances, this outline should be submitted before you begin writing your manuscript.

"It's like saying that 'my novel is going to be this good, am I allowed to write it?' It's just like that."

The truth is that there is no fixed way of writing, but I knew that this way wasn't too bad.

"….But, wasn't the manuscript finished?"

"That can't be used." I said

"Why? It was so good."

"Even if you say that, it's too embarrassing, which is one of the reasons why I couldn't let anyone see it."

"….Ah."

….Did you forget?

Besides– since we are brother and sister, we feel that the manuscript is good mostly because of our circumstances. But that doesn't mean others would think so too.

"And even if I submitted it directly, there's more than a 50% chance that it would be rejected. That's the second reason."

"More than 50%?"

"Ah, yes, more than 50%. Though I can't guess what my editor would say, the chances of it becoming a novel aren't that good."

I repeated what I said:

"If it's rejected, this manuscript will never become a novel again. "

"!"

I will definitely have to rewrite everything. In fact, that was how I worked until now. Never make any outline. Always submit my manuscript directly. Then after my previous work was shot down, immediately begin writing something new. Until my manuscript passed.

That was when I officially began writing novels. I had worked that way until now.

But, only this time, I wouldn't use that method.

"We aren't going to make a novel. We're going to make a manuscript into a novel."

The promise with Sagiri. My dream with Sagiri, everything ultimately depended on this.

"I absolutely won't allow this manuscript to be shot down."

"……..You're right."

I didn't have to say much more. Sagiri already understood.

"….Thus, we only have one chance to decide the outcome. That's why we need to make the best possible outline, make something to surpass my editor's expectations."

"…Um."

An editor is someone who struggles together with the author in order to deliver the best possible novel.

When I was still inexperienced, my editor was the one that guided me, my irreplaceable partner. But at the same time, my editor was the one who would give my cute children a merciless death. The one who carried a scythe and could easily cut off an author's life – a messenger of Hell.

That's why…

"Listen carefully, Eromanga-sensei. From now on…we're fighting against the Reaper."

This is not an exaggeration, not a random stupid word that came from the Great Novelist next door. This is reality.

"Editor…is the Reaper."

"Yes. A very fearsome enemy. To beat her, we need a weapon."

And the weapon that we needed to beat the Reaper, the sword and axe of a novelist…

"We need an outline!"

Sagiri opened her mouth, but only 'Ah, ah…' came out, showing how surprised she was.

At first glance, she still had an emotionless expression on her face, but the truth is she might have been exaggerating a bit when it came to that.

"….Understood. But what should I do…"

"Isn't it obvious?"

I put my hands on Sagiri's shoulders --

"Ehhhhh…Nii, nii-san?"

I looked at my blushing little sister and said seriously,

"Give me an ero-illustration of a little sister."

"…………….."

A few seconds later ---------

" ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Yahhhhhh!"

Somehow, my little sister threw a gamepad at my face.

"Re, re, really! Pervert! Nii-san…nii-san…is useless!"

Inside the locked room, my little sister looked furious.

What's going on? A rare chance for the two of us to see each other, and it ends up in such a violent way.

"………"

I rubbed my aching nose, my mind was full of conflicted thoughts. At the same time, Sagiri thrashed her finger at me:

"How could you tell me that…an ero-illustration of a little sister ….that….!"

"That's a very normal request! What's wrong with that?"

Tell me, what's your job again?

"The problem is because Nii-san asked *me*, your little sister, for an ero-illustration of a 'little sister'!"

"The female lead in my novel is a little sister! I asked that because you like and are good at drawing ero-illustrations. There isn't any other meaning!"

"Liar! You~ definitely have a perverted reason!"

"Why do you always think of it that way?"

"Because, because….because…"

Blushing madly, Sagiri folded her arms and whispered:

"Like– wasn't it? Nii-san said….you liked me from the moment that we met…and stuff."

"………..Kuh."

So this is the reason?

…Could it be…that I…wouldn't be able to look at my little sister for the rest of my life?

"Yes~ you aren't wrong."

It's useless to lie now. Better be blunt about it.

"I like you the most."

"……………..Kuh uh.."

"However! It's only as an elder brother! I will not have any perverted thoughts toward my little sister, much less say it!"

"-------------"

Sagiri gave me a cold look.

"Hmmm~ um, hmmm~ um, hmmm~ um"

"….What does that expression mean?"

She turned away and pouted:

"….Nothing. Just thinking that if this was a light novel, what you said just now would get an emphasis mark."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

An emphasis mark is the additional text on the right.[1] Among us novelists, some always follow those rules.

Sagiri said slowly:

"What I meant is, Nii-san. I hate you the most. Understand?"

"………..Ah, is that so."

Really…it looked like I still had a long way to go until my relationship with her got better.

I shrugged and dropped my shoulders. Sagiri did the same.

"…Really."

She sighed and picked up her digital drawing board.

"….Sagiri?"

"…….."

No answer.

Her eyes suddenly lost all their light.

Like a possessed miko, the way she moved her hand around was like a divine ritual. When I recovered, she had already stopped.

"----------------"

The atmosphere was the same when people finish a book they like.

And then ----

"Done."

"Wh, what?"

"This, was drawn based on me. Is she a suitable heroine for you ?"

"Ah ah…."

I stared at the digital board in my hand.

Sagiri's illustration, of course, was an ero-illustration of a girl.

"Amazing!"

Could an illustration be drawn so fast?

"…It's nothing. Besides, I was more careless than normal..."

Sagiri looked down in embarrassment.

..I learned from my editor that 'Eromanga-sensei's drawing speed is not that fast'. From the look of it, Sagiri spent quite some time with each illustration she gave me.

Last year, I remembered that because I wrote seven novels in total, Sagiri was also pushed to the limit.

Now, she could draw an illustration in the blink of an eye, which was a definite improvement in my eyes. She clearly wasn't the same as before.

"Originally…quick draw illustration….I didn't want anyone to see them…But I want to compare it with the others…"

"…I see."

She was strict with her own drawings…Sagiri surprised me.

"That's a big help."

I quickly conveyed my feelings.

"Uhm."

Sagiri gladly accepted my thanks.

"Okay …."

I carefully looked at this ero-illustration of a little sister.

In order to not let her effort go to waste, I gave her my frank comments:

"….I feel that something isn't right."

Sagiri wasn't angry.

"What do you mean?", she asked.

"Make it a little cuter."

"…………What's that? Explain yourself! Get to the point!"

"But, still…."

"Nii-san, would you feel upset if after showing your novel to your editor, you were told 'make it better'?"

Of course I would. I've been told that many times before.

"So make it clearer. Cute…what exactly is cute?"

"Ah…erh…cute means…ah….."

It wasn't something that could be explained…but…

"What is it? How can I understand if you don't tell me?"

"Well…an illustration that feels like you."

"--What?"

Sagiri froze, then ----

Blushhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

"Wh, what? Nii-san, how could you say that?!"

Her eyes turned into ><, and she tried to hit me with both her hands.

"Didn't you just tell me to make it clearer?"

"That's even worse! You asked me! Asked *me* for 'an ero-illustration of a girl that looks like my little sister'! That's too much! It's sexual harazzment!"

You bite your tongue? Are you okay?

"It's just that you're the perfect model of a little sister in my mind, I can't help it! I'm embarrassed too! But this is my job, so I have to say it out loud! I'm serious!"

"…………Mwumwu."

Still blushing, Sagiri said nothing. Probably because she understood what I meant. Then she stared at me with her rebellious eyes:

"….E..even if you said that it must feel like me…I'm still not sure what that means."

"Uh?"

"Say, say it…in a clearer way…"

"Wh, what did you say….?"

What did she just say? Did she just ask me to describe how cute my little sister is?

Right in front of her face? That's a huge leap in difficulty Eromanga-sensei! Do you want me to die of embarrassment?

"This is your job, isn't it? Then tell me."

"….Very well."

I felt like I was forced to do a very embarrassing play.

"Well….how should I put it….like fantasy …"

"Fantasy?"

"Like an elf, or an angel…and so."

That should be enough, please let me off the hook this time.

"But, but but but but…that kind of impression…."

Sagiri was shaken due to her embarrassment too. But even so, she still picked up her pen.

Scribble scribble scribble. A character slowly appeared on the digital board.

"Anything else? Keep talking…I'll draw while listening."

Sagiri said without looking up. Seemed like talking and drawing at the same time is normal for Eromanga-sensei.

I bluntly put in my request:

"Okay. Next is…make her look a little younger…Her breasts a little smaller…"

"Mwu. I practiced so hard at drawing big breasted girls though"

"Sorry about that."

I looked at my little sister's breasts and said:

"Because this heroine is flat."

"Hey, where did you just look at?"

"Don't get angry! I'm not bad-mouthing you!"

"But I'm the model!"

"Even so, you have to take a neutral point of view!"

"There's no way I could do that!"

"Then we're done for! If you have something to say, wait until I've finished talking. Otherwise we'll never be able to finish."

"………..''

It looked like she was listening to me.

After that, Sagiri returned her focus to the digital board and adjusted her illustration.

"….Smaller breasts, younger looking…then…probably…."

"………"

Sagiri was at her cutest when she focused on drawing.

….Although when she was doing that, she reverted back to energetic child-like behavior --- but it had its own charm. Elf thought the same of Sagiri, so it probably wasn't my personal bias.

Seeing my little sister's cuter side, I couldn't help but smile.

"………."

Noticing that I was looking at her, Sagiri raised her head and stared at me.

"…Y, yes?"

"Nothing. Just thinking that I'm impressed, to think that you could draw an illustration so fast."

"…..The same…I did the same in my live video….it's a habit now…."

Is that so? Eromanga-sensei did make adjustments to his drawing if there was a request.

So that was how she got into that habit.

"Just now, you said that you don't want anyone to see your ' quick draw illustrations'. But what about that time when you made that live video?"

"During a live video…that….although I can't explain it…that is a different case. That was no longer a job, it was drawing for fun…ah, although I said it was for fun, but I took it seriously too, but it was unlike usual when I'm working…do you get it?"

Sagiri answered without stopping her hand. Still, I could tell that she had a very extraordinary skill.

"I don't know."

"………"

Sagiri showed a subtle hint of unhappiness.

"Forget it…continue."

"Well…I hope that you could change how ero it is."

"?"

"This girl, compared to your illustrations from before, is more charming, sexier, and more revealing, just like Yamada Elf-sensei's novel illustration right? I don't want it to be like this, I want it to… well, how should I put it…."

I put my right hand on my face for a moment, then I continued:

"Basically no breasts, but a super cute and immature face. A slender and petite body, with a child-like nature….."

"………."

Sagiri's temple twitched.

"But then, she realized that her skirt was pulled up, her thighs were revealed, making people's heart race with perverted thoughts ."

"!"

Sagiri immediately pulled her skirt down!

"Yes! It's exactly like that -- *Thud* Ouch that hurt!!!"

"Get out! Get out immediately!!"

Sagiri held the hem of her skirt while waving the digital board at me.

I had no choice but to back off:

"We, we are discussing our book outline ---"

"Get out! I will give you your illustration later! Get out right now!!!"

"Got it! I got it!"

And so, I was kicked out of my little sister's room.

Even if that was a bit sudden, but at least I made some improvements. If Eromanga-sensei said so, then my requested illustration could be considered done.

It looked like the plan to bring some illustrations into a book outline went well.

I returned to my room and muttered:

"The remaining problem…is me."

There is no need to hide it, but I had never made an outline for a novel before. I had absolutely no idea how I should do it.

Of course, I could find some similar outlines from books or on the Internet. From there, after making some adjustments, I could easily make it into a formal outline. In fact, now I could do that in a blink of an eye.

However …

"I feel that something isn't right."

That's it. Since my debut, no matter how many times I've tried to make an outline, every time I look at them, the same thought appears in my head.

"It isn't enough? Or is it too normal? This isn't what I wanted… it must be something better…."

To express my idea, I needed at least 300 pages. To be able to do it with a few pages ---- that wasn't something I could do.

That's why – I had no choice but to bring my finished manuscript to my editor every time.

There was no special reason to do something so inefficient. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't write it. There was no other way.

If only there was someone to give me advice…

"Uhmmm….."

While I was feeling troubled…

My smartphone rang *beep beep ~ beep beep*, I had received two incoming messages.

"…What's that?"

I pulled the phone out of my pocket and read the messages.

In front of me was ---

Title: Come and save me!

Content: Right now!

Sender: Idiot

The 'Idiot' in my contact book was none other than my next door neighbor – best-selling author Yamada Elf-sensei.

"I don't know what that means, but let's ignore her for now."

Then I opened the second message which arrived at the same time.

The moment I read it --

"!"

I immediately became alert.

Title: Help me

Content: Next door

Sender: Eromanga-sensei

"I'm coming!"

I jumped out of my seat and rushed towards 'the locked door'.

"What is wrong, Sagiri!"

The moment I asked, the door sprung open. Sagiri appeared in front of me, still wearing her wool dress.

"Nii-san, again --- that."

"--- The same as before huh."

As soon as I entered the room, I immediately knew what the problem was. From the windows came a strange sound.

"Really, that idiot…I told her to not scare my little sister."

I pulled the curtain to the side. As expected, several toy arrows were stuck to the windows. On the balcony on the other side was the archer.

"Hey! Stop! What are you doing?!"

I opened the windows and shouted to the archer.

Seeing me, the archer put her index finger to her lips and made a 'Shhhhh' motion. It was a blonde girl in puffy lolita clothing, Yamada Elf.

As usual, she wore that cosplay outfit at home too.

"Shhh? She wanted me to…keep quiet?"

Is there any reason that prevents me from shouting out loud?

Turning toward me, Elf pulled her phone out.

Then my phone rang. As soon as I picked it up, Elf's voice came on:

[It's me!]

"Yeah."

[Did you read my message?]

"I did."

[Then why aren't you here! A beautiful girl is in danger!]

I don't care. It's troublesome.

"Asking a main character like Kirito or Touma is better, you know?"

[You, you! You really?! How heartless can you be?]

"I will only save my little sister."

"See you later." I said and I was about to hang up.

[Wait! Don't hang up! I'm gonna be killed!]

She tried her best to stop me.

[I will do anything! I will do anything, alright! From now on, I will be your step little sister..!]

"No, no and no! That's not what I was talking about – still, be killed? Scary."

I should listen to her for a while then.

"Is there a burglar in your house?"

[I was trapped in here, I couldn't get out of this room.]

"What? There is a burglar?"

I didn't know how much of it was true, but it sounded serious.

"Want me to call the police?"

[There is no need, help me get out of here first.]

"What is your suggestion?"

[You see, I was thinking about the time when you jumped from here….]

From balcony to balcony huh? You plan to jump?

I glanced around. Sagiri shot me a worried look.

"No. I will not allow you to enter my little sister's room."

[You, you damn siscon…You're leaving me?]

"I never said I won't help you."

[How are you going to do that?]

"Listen to me ---"

--- A few minutes later.

" --- Just like that."

I was standing below her balcony. This scene looked a bit like Romeo and Juliet.

"Okay, jump down."

"It's scary! If something goes wrong, I will have some broken bones!"

"I have prepared myself. I will definitely catch you."

"Make sure you do that! You must not miss! – Okay, here I come !"

Elf prepared herself, picked up the hem of her skirt and jumped .

*Thud*I caught Elf in a bridal style. She was much lighter than I expected.

"Hum – better than I expected."

I smiled at the girl who was curled up in my arms.

"………….."

Elf's whole body was stiff, she put her hands around my neck. I looked at her face, unsure of what I should do next.

"…Thank, thank you. You really helped me out."

How should I put it, well, I was a bit surprised. The way she was acting was a bit odd.

"You're welcome ---anyway, since you still haven't been discovered, come to my home. "

Still carrying Elf bridal style, I ran back to the Izumi's household .

I brought her to the living room, put her on the sofa and asked:

"So…what happened? Why were you trapped? Is it really okay, not calling the police?"

"Didn't I tell you…I…I'm under those guy's surveillance."

"Please explain yourself better."

Well, at least now I knew that they weren't burglars.

"Who are 'those guys'?"

As soon as I asked, Elf turned pale, she hugged herself with both hands:

"The editor from the Fulldrive library."

"Hey…"

"…They are the devil! They came to monitor a delicate girl like me, to see whether I worked or not…They won't let me play games unless I finish my manuscript!"

"Good! Yamada Elf-sensei, hurry and go back to work!"

I immediately stood up from the sofa.

Elf grabbed my shirt and said with tears in her eyes:

"Please don't chase me away! Masamune-sensei! I beg of you! Please help me!"

"Alright let go! You're ruining my clothes!"

"I'll do…I will do anything!"

So shameless. You don't want to work that much huh?

"Anything…huh..."

I pushed Elf's hand away from me and said:

"….You're really going to do anything I ask?"

"…Yes, a girl will not go back on her words!"

Why are you blushing?

"In this case…."

"Bwubwu…."

I turned to Elf, whose expression looked like she was waiting for her turn to go to the toilet and said:

"Teach me how to make a novel outline."

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!!! You, you scum! You want to do perverted things to a high class lady like me – ah!?"

While Elf was quoting a line from eroge, suddenly she paused, her eyes wide opened.

"………Just now, what did you say?"

That's my line. What did you just say?

"I asked you to teach me how to make a novel outline…"

"It can't be! You, you're serious!?"

Elf looked very surprised.

"A super beautiful girl like me, just told you that I will do ' anything'! Are you rethinking your request now?

What are you saying?

"How could you say something like that! And you call yourself a fan? Unbelievable – why didn't you make a perverted request?"

"As if I could do that! I'm not a stallion for breeding!"

What do you think I am?

"…And, you…you wanted me to ask you for something perverted?"

"How, how howhowhowhow could it be! Idiot!"

You're so unreasonable. Look, your whole face is red, you were really scared.

Just like some girls in light novels who have various character flaws.

You must be confused between 'a setting in a novel you wrote' and 'reality'. Really, you are a girl, you have to know your limits.

Thankfully you met me.

"Okay, about that novel outline ---"

When I was about to force the conversation back --

Bang bang bang. The ceiling shook.

Sagiri was trying to communicate with me.

Both Elf and I looked up.

"Just now, was that legendary ceiling banging of a hikikomori… it's the first time I've heard it."

After what happened before, I had told her about Sagiri and me. Of course, I didn't tell her everything.

"….Seemed like she said 'quiet'. And she sounded angry too."

"Hey! You, you can understand, what did she say?"

"Of course. I'm quite confident in my accuracy."

"You're bragging, aren't you?"

"Of course not!"

Bang bang bang.

"…What was it just now?"

"'That's enough, Nii-san. Come here for a second' type bang bang bang"

"What was the difference between that and the previous one?"

Well, of course normal people wouldn't be able to figure it out.

"I'll go take a look."

When I was about to leave the living room, Elf called for me:

"Please wait a minute."

"…What?"

I turned my head back.

"…I want to meet Eromanga-sensei too."

I could see that Elf was sincere, she had no other motives.

--- Right. Like me, she liked Eromanga-sensei's illustrations a lot . In order to ask Eromanga-sensei to become her partner, she even wrote an awesome novel.

And now she knew that her favorite idol was living next door… she definitely wanted to meet them…not to mention that I owed her too…

"Okay, I will think of something."

"Really?"

A beaming smile appeared on Elf's face.

Seeing her expression, her happiness like that, even I was stunned for a second.

"Okay, wait here."

"Oh? But isn't she a hikikomori?"

"Just leave it to me, I have a plan."

I went upstairs and explained why I came back without saying anything, before returning to the living room.

"Masamune! Where is Eromanga-sensei?"

Elf jumped up from the sofa, like she was about to give a warm welcome to her favorite illustrator.

I told the smiling fan:

"Here."

And I showed her the laptop in my hands.

"???"

Elf looked confused. Well, I said I would let her meet her favorite illustrator, yet I showed her a laptop. Of course she would be confused.

"Look at the screen."

"Screen?"

Elf's face came closer to the screen.

The screen was showing skype in full-screen mode. And there was someone wearing a large coat, and anime character's mask on there.

[Um, pleased to meet you - it's my pleasure, Yamada Elf-sensei.]

"….Eromanga-sensei?"

[No, I don't know anyone with that name.]

Yes - that was Sagiri - in the same clothes she had on when she made that live video stream as Eromanga-sensei.

By using Skype's video chat function, we were able to connect this place and the locked room.

Thanks to that, I could allow my little sister to meet Elf without her leaving the locked room - not as the shy hikikomori Sagiri, but as the over-energetic Eromanga-sensei.

"…..Masamune, he said he isn't Eromanga-sensei?"

"That's her catchphrase, don't mind it."

"Is that so? Um ~? …This small girl is ….?"

Elf looked at the screen, still not convinced.

Eromanga-sensei's face came closer, and said bluntly:

[You are small too ~]

Because she was wearing a mask, this scene felt a bit unreal.

Then suddenly, 'he' talked to Elf in an unbelievable voice:

[Huh? Huh huh? Hey heyheyhey ----]

When I thought she was about to continue harassing her…

[Cute! Elf-sensei, you look so cute! Hey hey, what kind of panties are you wearing right now?]

"Oh? …It's made of silk…."

Elf almost responded, but she recovered in time and blushed:

"Hey, hey heyhey, what did you just ask me? I almost answered !"

[Ha ~ silk panties huh? What about the color? White?]

"Listen to me ----!!"

Elf snatched the laptop from my hand and began shaking it in her hands.

[Wow wow…if you shake it like that it will make me uncomfortable.]

Since her voice came through a voice changer, I couldn't predict what she was thinking.

"Masamune!"

Elf turned to me and tapped on the laptop's screen.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"Eh? This is your favorite Eromanga-sensei…"

"Asking about the color of my panties during our first meeting? It's like a perverted old man!"

It's meaningless to tell me that, you know…

[Ehehehe, can I call you Elf-chan? Is that your real name? How old are you?]

"Kuh…!"

Elf looked embarrassed, she ran away from the screen and complained to me:

"That super pervert is really Eromanga-sensei? It wasn't you that was interested in my underwear and recorded this video to trick me?"

"I didn't! I have absolutely no interest in your underwear!"

This is the first time I've seen this too! Who knew that Eromanga-sensei would have this reaction towards a girl…!

"Keep talking with her and you will find out if it is a recording or not."

"Mwu…you are right."

She gave up and accepted.

Like she was picking up something dirty, Elf picked up the laptop and looked at the screen with her eyes full of contempt.

"Although I don't want to admit it…but this is Eromanga-sensei …."

[Am I not like what you imagined?]

Eromanga-sensei calmly replied through Skype.

"No, the pen name 'Eromanga-sensei' really suits you-- it's just, well, while you looked like 'a beautiful silver haired loli', but the truth is you are 'True Ancestor Vampire' [2] - the difference is a bit much."

Don't use such strange comparisons, no matter how easy it was to understand.

Elf looked at me:

"From your manuscript, this girl's personality seemed to be much worse."

"No, no. Her true self is ero."

[Nii!]

Eromanga-sensei screamed without using the voice changer. Elf pointed to Sagiri and asked:

"Eh? This girl is ero?"

"Yup. The heroine in my manuscript was based on Sagiri's personality."

I tried to hide it a lot, but she is the base model.

[Listen to me! What part of me is ero? Listen to me…just listen!]

On the screen, Sagiri looked horrified:

[Nii, nii-san --- you let her read that manuscript?]

"Ah, I haven't told you?"

Back then, when Elf and I had a showdown, we read each other's manuscript.

Elf followed me and said:

"Not only did I read it, but I also know everything. Incredible! Such a burning love letter…."

[To that extent………..hummmmmmmmmmmmmm]

Wait, what?

Elf put the laptop in front of her. Her eyes and Sagiri's locked into each other's.

…Was it my imagination?

When they stared at each other, I thought I saw spark flying in the middle.

"…………"

"…………."

A moment later.

"Ah, forget it."

Elf spoke first. She smiled and said:

"Let me introduce myself again…Pleased to meet you, Eromanga-sensei. It's my honor. As you know, I'm Yamada Elf. I'm the beautiful god-blessed, genius novelist that will save the light novel industry from the darkness."

Still the same exaggerated self-introduction.

[Um, pleased to meet you, Elf-chan. I'm not going to introduce myself.]

"It's fine - please draw illustrations for my novel too."

[Okay. The next live video I will draw it]

I felt that wasn't what Elf asked.

I'm not going to give up on asking you to be my partner.

That was what I thought Elf announced to Eromanga-sensei.

Maybe Sagiri was also aware of that, maybe she wasn't, but she changed the topic.

[Ah ~ by the way, Elf-chan, is your relationship with Izumi-sensei good?]

No way. How could it be.

Of course, although I thought that, Elf's answer was not what I expected. She put a hand on my shoulder and said:

"You can say that ~! We're buddies! Right?"

"No, it's not that."

"What are you getting embarrassed for! We called each other ' Masamune' and 'Princess', didn't we?"

"Don't make this up! Since when did I call you 'Princess'?"

"Ara? When you carried me like a princess just now, didn't you call me that?"

"As if I did! To have that conversation in this setting, only the protagonists that you wrote would do that!"

"Ara ara, looked like I was mistaken - so, Masamune, can you embrace me in your chest and call me 'Princess' in a devoted way? There is no need to be shy, treat it like a reward for your actions earlier."

"Stop joking, you're annoying, let me go!"

I shook Elf's hand away.

"Mwu, there is no need to be shy. What a humble man."

So annoying.

Seeing this, Eromanga-sensei said in a mechanic, emotionless tone:

[Yes ~ a very good relationship.]

"I told you so."

[Whoever has a good relationship with Izumi-sensei is nooooooooooooone of my business! Did you call me to let me see this?]

Why are you getting angry now?

"No, no. As I said before, Elf wanted to meet Eromanga-sensei --- not to mention I wanted to ask her how to make an outline too."

"Ah - right, you did."

Elf seemed to 'remember' that.

We could finally get back on topic.

We - Izumi Masamune, Yamada Elf and Eromanga-sensei - began to discuss how to make a novel outline.

………But what we didn't expect was…

"But if you asked me about making an outline, I'd be troubled too."

"Ack?"

My only hope made an unexpected comment.

"Because I've never made a 'this is what I plan to write' before. As the best-selling author, I never wrote a novel outline. All of my novels were already stored in my head, there was no need for me to write it out. Beside, novel outlines are just an excuse for an author to write something he wanted, right?"

" --- Just now, what did you say?"

I felt that I just heard something unbelievable.

"For example, 'even though the deadline passed, a new game was released today, so I spent like five minutes writing something similar for the deadline then gave it to my editor. Then I thought ' Okay, today I've finished my outline!' And then…."

Elf continued, like she was in a trance.

"My hardworking servant said 'thank you for your work' or 'we are looking forward to your next novel' and so on…Then I felt like I had worked a lot, meaning that I could safely enjoy playing my new game!"

"That's why your editor came to monitor you!"

You reap what you sow

"It can't be helped! Because it's a new game!"

"I really wanted to expose Yamada-sensei's true self to her fans. All of them were thinking 'Sensei must be trying really hard to write now' or 'I could read her next novel soon', all of them believe in you…yet you still have time to play games?"

"You don't have to put it like that! I'm not the only one! All of us are the same!"

"No way! You are an exception!"

"Impossible! Everyone must be playing and fooling around!"

In the end, Elf and I had totally different opinions. Eromanga-sensei interrupted us:

[Izumi-sensei works hard everyday.]

"Oh!?"

Both Elf and I turned to the skype screen.

[Although it was only recently, Izumi-sensei wrote until it was late every day after school.]

Ah, so she knew. Even if she didn't leave her room, she could still hear my room huh?

For a hikokomori, they could awaken their seventh sense [3] to notice this. And there is no need to mention Eromanga-sensei's skill.

[At night, sometimes he shouts 'I can't write it like this!' and runs outside.]

"This is a common novelist habit, so please pretend like you didn't see that. All of us are the same!"

Right!? Everyone is like that right!? I'm not an exception right!? I'm glad….!

[-- In short, Izumi-sensei's weekdays are like that. Especially during the weekend, he works until Monday without sleep.]

Eromanga-sensei said with a hint of pride in her tone. Then she taunted Elf:

[I don't know about other novelists. But Izumi-sensei is unlike you.]

"…. Eromanga-sensei."

I was a little touched.

"What the heck! So boring!"

Elf grabbed the laptop and tried to regain the initiative:

"That's enough ~ working nonstop every day is so boring ~ Look at this country, when will they change their views about this? Work hard for your whole life without rest? I can't stand it. Why don't you take an example from? Organize your work? Why do you choose the saddest way, working seven days a week? Unbelievably stupid! Being able to choose when to rest, isn't that the good thing about being a professional novelist?"

This girl really said whatever she thought.

Even she couldn't rest freely, as she was taking refuge in my house.

"What are you saying? Isn't being able to work even on the weekends a good thing about this job?"

"Ah ~ enough enough. Gross gross gross, you are amazing amazing. Do whatever you want. I don't care."

"…Mwu."

Although everything she said made me angry, but her last words…Did I misunderstand them?

Elf gave me the laptop then tapped on the screen.

" -- We have nothing else to say about work. No matter how much we talk we will never agree with each other."

And so.

The first formal meeting between Eromanga-sensei and Yamada Elf-sensei officially began.

However…

"By the way, Masamune, Eromanga-sensei, since we have free time, how about we play a game?"

Like she had forgotten everything just happened, Elf said.

[….Oh…well…just now. Weren't we discussing something?]

Eromanga-sensei looked stunned.

"Yes, we were talking about my novel outline, don't end the conversation midway."

"Is that so? Well, whatever -- do you have Siscalypse or Street Fighter 4? I didn't bring my Monster Hunter game with me ---"

Yamada Elf sure is amazing when it comes to changing the subject. Everyone was surprised.

I couldn't help but recall the day after we decided to have a showdown, she immediately called me.

Although Eromanga-sensei was taken back, she answered:

[…Since I can't leave my room…if it's online…via the Internet…then we can…]

"Okay okay ~ then Masamune! Lend me a laptop! Go get some snacks and a gamepad…and the other necessary things too"

"….Wait, you guys…about my outline…"

"Didn't I give you a valuable suggestion? Do the rest yourself."

"I felt like you didn't give me a damn thing!"

Elf ignored my words.

"Eromanga-sensei, what are we going to play? Ah, what kind of game do you like? I saw a lot of game consoles in your room, and during your live video you mentioned it too."

[…Well…you like it?]

"Of course! It's excellent! I could play with you whenever I wanted ---"

Since Elf was acting like a close friend, Sagiri was drawn into her rhythm.

I felt that this was unbelievable.

Really….

Because she was like that - she took the first from me.

Playing a game together with my little sister….even after spending a year, I couldn't do that.

A little…no, a lot of…regrets.

However ---

"What do you need? I will bring it."

At the same time, I felt happy.

As Elf said -- there were things that were more important than work.

I'll temporary forget my work, and play with my little sister.

Since Elf asked for snack, I went to the mall near the station.

When I came back and opened the door, I found that my home was suspiciously quiet.

"……..?"

Strange. Before I left, those two were so excited.

Were they already tired?

Since they were at the same level, they should still be fighting.

Although I still had some doubts, I walked past the entrance and arrived at the living room door.

Then I slowly opened it.

And ---

"---------------"

A very bizarre scene appeared in front of me.

How, how howhowhow should I put it…! That, that…!

Oh damn, I will just explain it then!

Elf put my laptop on the table.

And she was raising her skirt in front of it, showing her panties.

"Wh, wh, what….."

In the face of this reality, I lost the ability to speak.

At the same time, Elf - who was doing this shameless act in my living room still spoke to the laptop.

"Hey, is that okay?"

What is she saying? No nonono, what is she doing?

It totally was a perverted act. What should I do?

"Eh, hey!"

Let's call it off for now.

"Eh?"

Then Elf finally noticed me, she startled, her whole body froze in place.

Next, like a broken doll, she stiffly turned to me:

"Don't, don't look at me like that!"

I quickly averted my eyes and waved my hands.

"Ma, Masamune!? How, how, how long have you been there?"

Elf screamed. Her whole face turned red.

"Ha?! Could, could it be that you were lying when you said you went to go buy something!? You were actually still monitoring me ? You perverted light novel author! You shameless ---"

"I really just came back from buying! Look, here is the evidence! "

I raised my hand and showed her the plastic bag.

"And you, what are you doing inside someone else's room! Ah, could it be….you used my laptop to show your panties on an ero website…!?"

"I didn't! You, you you you, how could you have that kind of misunderstanding?"

"Then tell me what are you doing? Raising your skirt to record your own ero video?"

I thought that she would deny it, but…

"That's right! You finally get it!"

Somehow I got it right!

"What are you planning to do, leaving your ero video in my laptop?"

From the look of it, she was quite crazy.

"That video wasn't meant for you! I told you, I was just showing Eromanga-sensei my panties!"

Even if the misunderstanding had been solved, Elf's attitude didn't change.

What were you showing my little sister?

"………Wait a second…I'm confused…so… what exactly is going on?"

"Like I said! When you weren't here, Eromanga-sensei and I played a game and were chatting, then I asked her for 'an ero-illustration of the heroine in my debut novel' as a souvenir!"

She is so shameless.

"And then?"

"And then Eromanga-sensei said 'show me your panties and I will give you an illustration."

"………………."

I fell on my behind, holding my head.

"……Sagiri?"

I called her real name.

[Because, because…]

On the screen, or rather on the skype screen was a person in full body coat with a mask.

[Because I want to see panties!]

She totally sounded like a criminal. Should I call the police?

Amidst all this misfortune,she reverted back to Sagiri instead of Eromanga-sensei.

[When I saw Yamada-san, I felt that her clothes were so beautiful, I wondered what kind of underwear she wore….]

Can I ask you to stop talking about this via a voice changer?

Like Elf said, she sounded like a perverted old man.

[As an illustrator, when I see a cute girl, I can only think about her panties. I can't help it! Every illustrator is like that!]

Wow, that was something dangerous. Thankfully there were no other illustrators here.

"So as payment for her illustration, Eromanga-sensei asked me to do that pose. I did everything like she said, please don't misunderstand."

[Heheh….the next illustration of naked Yamada-sensei would be even better.]

"…..You guys get along quite well."

It's like a win-win relationship.

"Right right? If you think so too then give me Eromanga-sensei!"

"That's impossible."

I cut Elf off, but she didn't give up.

"By the way, Eromanga-sensei. Just now you said ' the next illustration of naked Yamada-sensei would be even better', what does that mean? You already drew me once?"

[Yes I did. I even let Nii-san see it.]

"Hey! Wait!"

Why did my name suddenly appear now?

Elf looked at me like she was a rape victim:

"….Masamune…you…bad…"

"It's a misunderstanding! Sagiri! Please don't say something that could be easily misunderstood! What you said just now sounded like I asked my little sister to draw a naked picture of our next door neighbor…!"

[Yamada-sensei… Nii-san is the worst pervert, you only noticed this now?]

"Don't pour oil on the fire! Help me think of some way to solve this misunderstanding! I don't want to be called pervert or anything by Elf…."

"Oh? What does that mean? Does that mean you love me?"

"I just don't want to be called a pervert by another pervert!"

"The truth is you love me don't you? You want to marry me - the beautiful, high class, female genius novelist, don't you?"

I can't take it anymore! I want to cut off all ties with her! She made my throat hurt so much.

And so, the living room of Izumi's household turned into a chaotic mess.

Suddenly ---

*Ding dong*The doorbell rang.

"Who is that?"

I left Elf and Eromanga-sensei (on the laptop) in the living room and went to the front door.

"Coming, who are you -- ack!"

I was stunned for a moment. Because I recognized at least one of them.

One day in June, this group of sun glass wearing men in black suits took Elf away from her home.

There was no need to explain. They had to be here looking for the missing Elf.

"…………"

"…………..''

Both myself and the group in black suits said nothing while staring at each other.

Because of what happened before, they already knew about me, and about my relationship with Elf.

It would be very hard to prove my innocence. So, how should I lie to them --

--- Actually, why should I lie to them?

A minute later.

"Wahhhhhhhhh!!! Masamune, you sold me out didn't you!!!"

Elf was captured in my living room.

"No ~~~~! I don't want to work ~~~! Games! I want to play games ~~! I want Eromanga-sensei to draw me an illustration ~!"

The black suited group in sunglasses grabbed Elf's leg and dragged her away, ignoring the fact that her finger nails were still trying to dig into the floor. Even if I had seen it before, this scene was still scary.

I could only watch them take Elf to the door.

"Kuh! I still have regrets! But I trust you, Masamune! You will definitely come to where the devil imprisoned me..! I trust you! Hurry up and save me!"

Don't make up some self-satisfied imagination.

"Kuh, kuhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Crekkkkkkkkk - Bang

With that the front door slammed shut, everything went back to being quiet.

"…Really…no matter how much ruckus she caused, she still needs to come back."

Since Elf was taken away from my home, the next time she probably would be moved to a prison in Shinjuku.

[..Nii-san, about the illustration that she asked for, what about it …?]

"Draw one for her if you have the time -- and about this…"

I looked at the laptop's screen with conflicted thoughts.

"…This panty video…what should we do with it?"

[Give it to me then delete it immediately. I absolutely forbid you from looking at this.]

"…Ah, well, keeping it would be worse, right. They might arrest you due to the child protection law."

[It's fine. Both of us are female, and this is for art -- so send it to me, I'm now full of creativeness.]

You want to see panties that much? Why don't you look at your own panties instead?

I really wanted to say it out loud.

"….It can't be helped then."

I turned towards the laptop. Eromanga-sensei also took the mask off, and revealed her normal face. I asked my little sister.

"Say, Sagiri. When I was out buying snacks, what were you talking about?"

[---- It's nothing worth mentioning.]

"Is that so? Then, what do you think about Elf?"

[A weirdo.]

"Yeah."

[…How about it?]

"No, nothing -- let's invite her to our house again if we have a chance. After she finishes her manuscript of course."

[…………]

A moment of silence

[Um.]

Sagiri nodded.

Chapter 2

第二章

After Elf was taken away, I went back to my room to work.

Right after I booted up my computer, I saw the most recent email that my editor had sent.

The last thing I had told her was ‘About my newest original manuscript, please wait a little bit longer’

Now, finally ---

Title: The new original novel is still not finished yet?

Content: We still have a spot for you

If you want to know more about this, call me at 5:00 pm tomorrow.

Sender: Kagurazaka-san.

“….It’s a work related email no matter how I look at it.”

But – there was something about it that I couldn’t ignore.

…In other words, if I passed the planning stage, it would be published immediately….that’s what it has to be.

“In that case, I must hurry! I need to make up for the time I wasted playing around!”

Although the comments from a certain bestselling author were totally useless, and they couldn’t be used as references….

After playing around…I did gain some new ideas.

First step – is being carried on.

That step was to ask Eromanga-sensei for a super ero illustration, and prepare a glorious novel outline.

“There shouldn’t be any problem with that. Well, it is kind of cheating.”

Normally, no illustrator would do that for a novelist.

I was bathing in her grace.

“Still, no matter how good her illustration is, if the content is bad, everything will be meaningless.”

If a manuscript didn’t catch Kagurazaka-san’s interest, she would read it halfheartedly and would turn it down. It was the same as a death sentence.

You can’t expect her to carefully read a boring book anyway.

If I couldn’t make even my editor say ‘It’s good’ then it would be impossible to publish it.

So, the second battle began.

Immediately I began reconstructing my manuscript, focused on the critical points and corrected some problems.

Then based on this newly made manuscript, I would make an outline and give it to my editor.

And then, if possible, I would make a new manuscript based on it.

Maybe if everything went well, she would be patient – maybe she would read about 30 pages.

Finally, she might finish it and say ‘very good’.

“…Even so, I still need to write a new manuscript.”

This was what I do best.

I’m very fast at writing. Not to mention I had an outline that I wanted to pass through no matter what.

I need to carefully give it a thought.

First, now I need to change the manuscript from ‘A novel that only Sagiri could read’ to ‘A novel that many readers could like’.

“Bwuuuuuuu…..”

I had writer's block.

To correct something that’s already written is more difficult than writing it from the beginning.

How should I put it? Simply put, if you want to correct something, you need a better version than what you had before.

If it was so simple, then you could have written that better version from the beginning.

“An improved manuscript’” was something that I wasn’t familiar with.

But…if I did it well, the end result would be better.

“So…where should I start?”

When I was muttering to myself…

Bang bang bang

Sagiri’s request arrived. This was the ‘come here for a second’ type bang bang bang.

“Coming.”

I stood up and walked toward the locked room.

As soon as I arrived at the second floor, I knocked on my little sister’s door.

“Sagiri, I’m here.”

I took a few steps away from the door and waited.With a * Whoosh* the door sprung open.

"Wow…so dangerous."

Although I was still unable to catch it, at least I could dodge this kind of attack.

Like I was promoted to 'Elder brother' level 2…just like that.

Sagiri appeared in front of me, wearing a wool dress and sport pants. How should I put it, what a waste! Then I noticed that her face was red, like she had a fever.

I asked her :

"Er…are you okay?"

[What do you mean?]

"Well, your face is a little red."

[Ehhhh?]

She quickly touched her face.

Then…she showed an expression that I had never seen before.

"-------------------"

My heart stopped for a moment…what, what kind of erotic expression is that?

[Ehehehe…I'm excited.]

“Ex, excited?”

What is going on? Of course I thought about ero-related stuff, but----

[Take a look at this]

With sparkling eyes, Sagiri showed me the digital board.

“Wahwah?”

What is that? Showing me that – does that mean the illustration I asked for is completed?

I quickly took a look. That was a drawing of a girl ---

“Hey! What the hell is that!?”

Seeing this drawing, I couldn’t help but lecture her.

The reason was because it was a drawing of a blonde loli wearing frilly gothic lolita clothing.

And the most eye-catching part was the fact that she was raising her skirt, showing her panties.

[How is it? How is it? Isn’t it amazing?!]

I think it’s more amazing that you could happily show this super erotic drawing to someone else.

[Isn’t it amazing? This is my illustration!]

"Yeah, super amazing."

So this must be your original huh?

[Like these erotic wrinkles in the panties! The embarrassed expression! Just from looking…your heart races, right?]

Yes. When I think about the fact that 'she' is your model, it's true that anyone's heart would race.

[Eheheh…because this is so awesome…I wanted to show it off to you, Nii-san.]

Not good.

Too cute…

I like it…

I'm happy with just seeing my little sister. I should have been lecturing her instead.

When I was writing a climactic scene, sometimes I felt the same too, so I understood her feelings. In this respect, both novelists and illustrators are the same.

Sagiri held the digital board – like a mother gently holding her child in her arms:

[I'm going to make a live video right now and let everyone see it!]

"Wait! You shouldn't do that!"

[Ehh? Why?]

"No reason! But this was based on Elf, right?"

[Yes, of course]

"Then you must know! Even without me telling you! For example, she will watch your live video too. Then how do you think she would feel if she saw someone who looks exactly like her revealing her panties?"

[…Happy?]

"This is a live video for the whole world to see! If you do that Yamada-sensei will be turned into a super pervert!"

I only spoke things that should have been considered common sense, but a tear appeared in Sagiri's eyes.

[Hic…but…this is such an amazing illustration….]

Kuh…

Looks like denying someone's work was harder than I thought.

My editor probably felt the same when she shot down my manuscripts – like hell.

When she shot them down, she totally looked down on them.

But, I'm not her. I – there is no way I could let the drawing that Eromanga-sensei happily shared with me to disappear.

So --

"…Can I take another look at it?"

[………Sure, no problem.]

"Thank you ~ Ah…………seeing it again, it's really nice."

This was a drawing that made Eromanga-sensei, who was strict with herself, unable to hold back her happiness. This was a really good drawing.

It would be a waste to just put it in storage.

While I was thinking – suddenly an idea came to mind ---

"Yes…yes….alright!"

---- *Sorry, Elf*

I apologized to Elf in my heart --- then smiled:

"Sagiri! Your illustration will not be wasted! I will give her life!"

[Eh?]

Sagiri opened her eyes wide.

[What? What happened?]

“I will put her in my book.”

[Eh? Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhh?]

“I just had an idea! After seeing this illustration…I had a very good idea!”

The same sudden inspiration I had back when I decided to make my little sister into my heroine.

“Sorry, I have made up my mind. The law can't stop me now. Not even you ---- yes, yes. That’s it, that’s it!...Kuhhhhhhhhhhh!!!! Another inspiration is coming….!”

My mind’s speed was boosted. Good ideas endlessly flooded my mind.

The girl in front of me – quickly developed in my mind, actively chasing after her love – ‘the development that only I could see’ quickly appeared.

I tried to listen to everything she said in my mind.

I couldn’t afford to miss a single word. Because I wanted to write her real self.

This is important! To bring out the charm of this bossy girl who looks down on everyone is my sworn duty!

Because I was so focused on my thinking, I didn’t pay any attention to my surroundings. Instead, I quickly faced forward.

“Good! I’m going back to writing!”

When I was about to make a step, I felt something grab my shirt .

“Huh?”

What? I’m having a hard-earned inspiration, don’t bother me.

I turned back and saw that my little sister was trying her best to pull my sleeves.

--- Ah….

“Sorry….”

[….Mwuuuuu]

Sagiri looked at me, her eyes half closed. I felt a bit embarrassed .

“Ah…..yeah, we are talking right?”

I clapped my hands, closed my eyes and apologized to Sagiri.

“Sorry! It’s my bad habit born from my job!”

Whenever I got inspired, I wouldn’t listen to anyone. Or rather I no longer listened to this world.

[……..]

Sagiri didn’t answer.

She must be very angry…I slowly opened my eyes in terror, but I saw something unexpected.

[….It’s nothing.]

Sagiri slowly shook her head without saying anything.

Then she smiled:

[Heheh]

“?”

What’s… that smile mean?

I was unable to understand why my little sister’s mood suddenly changed, but it looked like it changed for the better….

While I was confused, Sagiri kept smiling:

[……..I Feel…..a bit]

Although her voice was so small that I almost missed, I could see her face redden.

“Uhm? Yes?”

[It’s nothing. I only felt that nii-san is a bit of a pervert…]

Sagiri sounded kind of panicked, she blushed and turned away.

"…………."

Hearing these harsh words from my little sister always hurt me the most.

I even thought that she blushed because she was embarrassed.

Okay, since there was nothing else to do here, let's get back on topic.

"About that, Sagiri. I was having trouble trying to figure out how I should rewrite that manuscript into something better – now I finally found a way."

I told her the new idea I just got:

"That is to make a bunch of cute girls in my novel! As many cute girls as possible! That kind of novel is the best!"

[…………….]

Sagiri stared at me before saying:

[….Always, felt, that was obvious…]

"Who cares!"

Even if this was obvious, I still need to prepare!

"And so…well, that's about it for now!"

[…Uhhhhh.]

“If you could continue drawing illustrations that can fire you up like just now – I think I will gain some more new ideas.”

[…….]

Sagiri suddenly opened her mouth:

[…..Really?]

“Yes.”

Although I felt that doing this had some kind of risk.

“If Eromanga-sensei can – please draw more for me.”

Sagiri’s eyes widened, and then ----

[Yes!]

A beaming smile.

Then she quickly realized something else:

[…I, I don’t know someone with that name.]

Really….don’t say something that sounds so fake. Is that already your habit now?

I tried to suppress my laughter and said:

“Please take care of me.”

The day after we brother and sister had that conversation.

After school, inside my room, I was writing about the new character I thought of yesterday.

“Wow wahwahwahwah ~! I did it! Super classic! Am I a genius ? A god? Kukukuku! Even beating‘One Piece’ is a piece of cake!”

Since everything was going so well, I sounded a bit like Yamada Elf-sensei.

But everyone would be the same when they are fired up.

This same burning motivation that Yamada Elf-sensei spoke of is something unstoppable.

“Still….although I wrote it when I was at my best…”

It was too soon to celebrate. Unless I let someone else read it, I couldn’t know for sure if it was ‘really good’ or not – and the most important things is, the only reason I was able to make that character was thanks to Eromanga-sensei.

I said that I wanted to add more girls, but without Eromanga-sensei’s illustrations, my work would be much harder.

“Say, what exactly will that new character’s role be? I don’t get it!”

I fell head first on the table and said something that a professional novelist shouldn't say.

How exactly did I make a new character until now? You might lecture me about the fact that I just said I had made a new character. How should I put it, well, that was a moment of inspiration. When I came to, the manuscript was already finished. I didn't even have any memories about what I wrote in there.

Isn't everyone like that?

Damn….why do I only remember bad stuff….

To me, writing a novel is a paradise-like dream, a hell-like reality.

"Kuh~~!"

When I wrote a fighting novel, it was as fast as the time in Romancing Saga 2, when seven heroes gather and begin their fights. But I had only had two inspirations before now.

One was when I decided to write a little sister based novel.

The second was then Eromanga-sensei showed me a super erotic, super cute illustration.

"This isn't good…I totally depend on Eromanga-sensei now…."

Of course I will keep writing – but I will always be looking forward to a new drawing that Eromanga-sensei may show me at any moment.

I was looking at the ceiling, my head blank when my skype buzzed.

“Uh…Eromanga-sensei?”

In order to let Elf have her conversation, I prepared this method of communication.

Now, aside from the bangs on the ceiling, I also communicated with my little sister via skype…despite the fact that we lived under the same roof…unbelievable.

Still, increasing ways of communication is a good thing no matter what.

I pressed a button.

“Yes?”

[Nii, Izumi-sensei.]

Eromanga-sensei’s voice came through a voice changer.

[It’s a bit hard to tell…but there is a serious problem.]

“Serious problem? What is that….?”

I couldn’t help but imagine a wide variety of possible situations.

[About that….after I met the super cute Elf-chan, I had a lot of inspiration, and was able to draw a lot of good illustrations…]

Eromanga-sensei said seriously about her ‘problem’:

[Now, I can’t draw any characters save for lolis.]

“…………………..That’s really a serious problem.”

In short, it’s like this:

One of the reason that inspiration came to her was the fact Elf is a loli. Because of that, her mind was drawn to it, and now everything she draws is a loli.

“Well, what’s bad about it anyway? As long as they are cute.”

Compare to before, all of her characters were flat chested too.

[I wanted to draw all types of heroines too! Beside, a change is important, right?]

It’s just like she said.

With practice, she could draw a big breasted girl now. Of course she’d like to try that.

“I understand…then what can I do about it?”

[I want to see a cute girl!]

Eromanga-sensei bluntly put her request in. I also bluntly replied:

“Look in the mirror.”

[Nii, nii-san! How could you say that!]

Sagiri turned the voice changer off and spoke to me in her natural voice.

[Since that didn’t work, I have ask you something.]

“Then what should I do?”

[As I said…about that….]

Sagiri sounded like she was struggling with her words, then she said:

[It can’t be solved by looking at a mirror, you know? Why do you think that all of my characters were flat chested until now?]

“….Ah ah.”

---- *I don’t want to draw something that I haven’t seen before!.*

“For Eromanga-sensei, a drawing of herself and a drawing of Elf is the same huh.”

[Kuh…Yes, that’s right!...Don’t force me to say it, take responsibility!]

"What responsibility!?"

What should we do then?

[I want to see a cute girl]

Sagiri repeated her request.

"If you could get an inspiration from a video, how about watching television then?"

[I tried that before. But now, I want to see something that would give me the same feeling Elf-chan gave me!]

"In other words, Elf is your favorite type that can fire you up?"

Could that be the reason that you tried to peep on our neighbor ? If that was the case, then I just had a new understanding of Eromanga-sensei's limit.

[I'm not sure myself, but I did feel that Elf-chan is cute. I'm still trying to think of some way to let me see her panties closely,in which I don't have to leave the room and she doesn't have to enter the room.]

Hey, the way you describe your solution sounded like you are coming out of the closet.

"Which means you don't plan to leave your room…"

But the part that she didn't want anyone to enter her room was unexpected. She sometimes allowed me to enter.

[In short, aside from Elf-chan, I wanted to see a girl that can fire me up! Who would become a model for my cute heroine! Who would make an illustration that could make Izumi-sensei laugh!]

“Now that you mention it, recently without your illustrations, my work can’t progress at all. But no matter what I still want to help you….”

[Nii-san, among people you know, is there anyone who is cute, big breasted and willing to let me see her panties?]

“Of course not!”

Even if I knew one, there is no way I could ask them for that! This girl, she changed too much when she was talking about illustrations Should I call this ‘Eromanga-sensei mode’ from now on?

[Then, then…is there anything…that could replace it?]

“What exactly are you talking about? Tell me?”

[Don’t ask me, I don’t know either! In short, find me a girl that can fire me up!]

“Okay…got it, I will think of something.”

Although Eromanga-sensei asked me….I couldn’t think of anything.

“What exactly do you mean about ‘fire up’…..”

While I didn’t want to talk back to her, the way she said it make it impossible for me to understand.

While I was troubled, suddenly the phone rang.

“It’s me, Izumi.”

[Ah, Onii-san~! How are you~!]

A cheery tone came from the speaker.

The only one that called me that….

“…Megumi huh…”

Jinno Megumi, who likes to make friends with everyone. Sagiri’s class rep.

She wanted to make a certain hikikomori go to school. You can say that she is Eromanga-sensei’s nemesis.

[Yes ~ yes ~ This is Megumi ~ uh, so, about that haunted building, how is it now?]

“Ah, sorry to worry you. It’s nothing. Just a new neighbor that arrived.”

[Is that so? It’s good that it’s not a ghost.]

Because of Elf, I almost made a mistake.

[Say, Onii-san ~ what do you think I'm wearing right now?]

"No, I'm not going to guess."

I replied, but Megumi kept talking in a mischievous tone:

[Totally ~ nude ~]

My heart stopped for a second! …Nude…nude…

What did this girl just say?

[Ehehe ~ actually I'm taking a bath.]

Yeah, I could hear the sound of water flowing.

Wh, what? Bathing?

My heart! I even thought….

[Araara ~ Onii-san, why aren't you saying anything? Could it be ~ you are thinking the same?]

"Of, of course not."

[Again ~ really ~ Onii-san, pervert.]

Megumi deliberately showed me the sound of water and said:

[Say, Onii-san ~ why didn't you call me? I have been waiting.]

"Because, because…."

Although we did exchange numbers…

But she is just a middle schoolgirl. I had no reason to call her…

"….Because I don't have any reason to."

[Ah~ Onii-san, you are so cold. Didn't we make a promise~?]

"Promise?"

We did? What was that again?

[You see ~ this is ~ that ~]

Megumi whispered in a charming voice:

[You and me…an alliance?]

"So that's what you are talking about!"

From the strange way you spoke, I thought it was something else.

During our first meeting, Megumi and I had become allies. We made the 'Take Izumi-chan out of her room alliance'

[And so? What happened next to Izumi-chan?]

Megumi's voice became serious. Although she was easy to get off track, she really worried about Sagiri. If my little sister decided to go to school, I would be at ease if she got a class rep like Megumi.

[Did she…go out of the room?]

She did…just once….

---- I will never tell her that. It had a special meaning.

So I told her something else instead:

“Recently…Sagiri…made a friend.”

[Oh? An online friend?]

“No, I meant a real friend.”

[Wh, what? Tell me more!]

This was the first time I saw Megumi act this way.

“Didn’t I just tell you? The ghost is actually my new neighbor – she was about the same age as Sagiri. Since she doesn’t go to school either, they are somewhat similar to each other….And then … a lot happened, now they can play games together.”

Although online play only.

It could only be Elf. Hearing this, Megumi sounded shaken:

[Oh oh…isn’t it a good…improvement?]

“Yup, a good thing.”

[Mwu…can I state my honest feelings?]

“Go ahead.”

Megumi’s voice trembled, then she screamed:

[I don’t like it! Someone stole that position from me! I wanted to become Izumi-chan’s first friend!]

That was what she said.

“…Is that so?”

I could feel her true feelings.

“Thank you.”

I couldn’t believe that she truly want to become Sagiri’s friend.

[Onii-san, what did you just say?]

“It’s nothing.”

[Really? Hm ~ game huh…I’m quite good at that.]

“What did you say?”

[I’m thinking about my new plan. In order to become friends with Izumi-chan.]

……This girl.

"Didn't you say that you wanted her to go to school and stuff?"

[I will leave that for later. Now, I will start with becoming her friend. Friend."

"Hoh?"

What a positive view. Maybe I could learn something from her.

"…..Can I say my honest feelings too?"

[Please?]

Phew ~ I took a deep breath and spoke my heart out.

"I don't like it either…becoming Sagiri's first friend….someone took that spot from me…I feel the same as you."

[………….Yeah, me too.]

Somehow I got the feeling that Megumi was smiling.

[We are comrades.]

"Maybe it's true."

From allies to comrades.

Neither of us said anything, probably because we both were thinking 'What should we do next'.

Finally, Megumi said:

[About that…Onii-san ~ can we meet?]

"….Right now?"

When she spoke in a quiet tone, it felt strange.

[Yes, right now. If Onii-san is fine with it – I want to discuss the next plan with you.]

"Ah ah, is that so?"

If that's the case then I had no reason to refuse. I was unable to write anything now anyway.

Maybe going outside isn't a bad idea.

"Okay, where are we going?"

[Let's see. In front of the station – there is a store called Takasago bookstore, do you know it?]

"Of course, I go there every day."

It's my classmate's home too. But why there?

[Since I'm taking a bath ~ let's meet up at the Takasago bookstore in fifty minutes later ~]

You take too much time bathing.

"Okay, then let's meet up later."

[Sure, please take care of me ------------- Izumi-sensei.]

Click

“Ehhhhh!?”

Ehhhhh? Ehhhhhhh? Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhh?

I arrived at the Takasago bookstore.

There was still time before my meeting with Megumi, but I couldn’t wait at home any more.

“……Izumi…sensei?”

The way she called me…wasn’t too bad.

No! No nono, what is going on! How could Megumi know about my real identity?

“She didn’t sound like she took a stab in the dark….”

Last month, when Megumi came to my home, she noticed the ‘ Silver Wolf of Reincarnation calendar’.

Inside Izumi Masamune[4]’s home there was a novel by Izumi Masamune[5]…of course she would notice the similarities…But I thought I hid it well…I never expected that Megumi could link two and two together.

Because although she said she read manga too, but she only read stuff like One Piece.

My penname was printed very small on that calendar.

I never expected her to find out.

“What should I do…ah damn. its dark already!”

I was very troubled.

But there was nothing I could do about it, so let’s leave it aside.

That is the habit I gained in the last three years.

Start with something that I could do.

“Let’s see…I’ve arrived at the bookstore…let’s look for something that Eromanga-sensei can use.”

Something that can replace a girl’s panties.

That was an unreasonable request from a reliable partner – but if I could do that, if I could fire Eromanga-sensei up, then I would get a super erotic illustration in return.

Then every time I saw a new illustration, I could get a new inspiration.

That’s why I really want to fulfill that request. But…

“It’s impossible to ask a 3D girl to show her panties.”

In other words, I could only ask a 2D girl.

Can I even find a 2D girl that could satisfy Eromanga-sensei here?

By the way, in Sagiri’s bookshelf there were only novels from a certain bestselling author, which only had loli girls in it – they were useless. Elf probably chooses those girls with the same reason as Eromanga-sensei in mind.

If that was the case…then they are really alike.

I had faintly felt that before.

“Ah, Mune-kun. Welcome.”

As soon as I entered the bookstore, a voice welcomed me.

It was the voice of my classmate, this bookstore's mistress, Takasago Tomoe.

Her hobby is reading, mobile phones and sports shoes. Today she wore a bookstore apron, and yellow high-tech sports shoes.

“Hello ~”

I casually greeted her back, she pointed me to the new light novel shelf and said:

“A new book came in ~ please buy something ~”

I could see it from here. There were some girls on the cover.

Although they all looked cute…

“Hum….”

“Hehe, my dear customer, what might you be looking for?”

Because she looked quite happy, I told her my problem without a worry:

“Eromanga-sensei wanted me to find a heroine reference that could fire him up.”

“What’s that mean?”

Tomoe looked confused, then she thought for a moment:

“You mean like ‘Circlet Girl’ or ‘Shakugan no Shana’?”

“Even I could think ahead that much.”

I already bought them all.

“Actually, it’s like this ----“

I told Tomoe everything (minus the part about Eromanga-sensei ’s real identity).

“….Um um, so that’s why.”

Tomoe scratched her chin and nodded:

“In short, to give Eromanga-sensei inspiration, you are looking for a cute, big breasted black haired girl who looks good in an apron and sport shoes.”

“The later part is unnecessary.”

“Then you decided to go to the Takasago bookstore, right?”

You didn’t listen to me at all, did you?

“….You can say that.”

I need to buy a light novel with a cute heroine.

“Eheheh, then it can’t be helped.”

“…Why are you getting embarrassed for?”

“Eh? Didn’t you come here to ask me to be the model in your next novel?”

I never said that.

I carefully looked at Tomoe again.

Well-developed breasts appeared in front of my eyes, supported by her apron.

I had to admit that this girl, while she was about the same age as me, had a great body.

First, her face is cute. Although I didn't notice it before, she might fit Eromanga-sensei's request.

"Eh? What? You are going to help me?"

"Yes, because, because this is my friend's request! I, I'm not planning to enter the light novel industry! I just want to contribute for a great novel! That's all!"

I feel this is what you are thinking:

You are imagining yourself as a novel's main character (and then replace their life as you see fit). Like a web novel.

Tomoe…you are…interested in that?

"Then I will be blunt. Can I ask for your help?"

"Yes! I will do it!"

Tomoe smiled and patted her own chest. That action shook her breasts so much that my heart kept racing for a while.

Tomoe either didn't notice or didn't care, she continued:

"And so? What exactly am I going to do?"

"Let Eromanga-sensei see your panties through skype."

"So easily! Hey wait…! What, what what are you saying? That is impossible!"

Wow! Tomoe became angry!

"In order to draw an erotic illustration, Eromanga-sensei wanted to see a cute girl. So let him see you in an erotic pose."

I told her seriously, but Tomoe coldly looked at me:

"………………Are you the one who wants to see it?"

"No, no. Not me!"

Why do both Elf and Tomoe look at me this way!?

"Really? It's not like after so many years being friends with me, you suddenly noticed my charm and awoke your adolescent desires?"

"You read too many self-satisfying light novels!"

Not to mention that I had absolutely no interest in a 3D girl's panties.

You ask why? Because I had been washing my little sister's panties for a year.

I pointed at Tomoe and told her clearly:

"Listen well Tomoe, it's just a piece of cloth."

"You even act like…! Like you live with a girl every day!"

Tomoe flushed and used her hand to cover her chest.

“An..anyway, no means no! What are you asking a girl for!?”

“So it’s impossible huh ~”

“Of course it’s impossible!”

While I was taking Tomoe’s anger…

“Ah, Onii-san ~”

Someone called me from behind.

Tap tap tap

Suddenly my vision went dark. Someone covered my eyes.

“Guess who~?”

“…………..Megumi.”

As soon as I answered, her hands left my eyes. The owner of voice appeared in front of me:

“Right right ~”

Megumi appeared with a glittering smile.

What a fearsome destructive power. If I was someone else, she would have captured my heart.

“Sorry for keep you waiting, Onii-san ~ I’m Megumi – bathing completed ~”

“Okay okay. I don’t need that useless information.”

Just like she said, a fresh smell came from her.

Seeing my conversation with Megumi, Tomoe titled her head and asked:

“Mune-kun, who is this beautiful girl?”

“That is my little sister’s classmate ---“

“Pleased to meet you, Onee-san~ I’m Jinno Megumi ~!”

Megumi raised her voice and introduced herself.

“Please call me Megumi”

“Ah, right…please to meet you, Megumi-chan.”

Tomoe had the same reaction as me from before. But since she added ‘chan’, she sounded more generous than me.

Although she still looked confused, Tomoe quickly recovered.

“I’m Takasago Tomoe. As you see, I’m one of this bookstore’s staff. I’m Mune-kun’s classmate and his friend.”

“Please take care of me. Can I call you Tomoe-chan, Onee-san?”

“To, Tomoe-chan? Ahahaha…It’s fine…You are amazing.”

“?”

….In the conversation just now, Megumi was the one who gained the initiative.

Although I think that Tomoe is good with conversation too, but facing an over-the-top class rep was too much.

“Say, Megumi, there is something I need to ask you.”

“Oh right. Of course you must be concerned about *that*, Izumi-sensei."

Yes…let’s begin with that.

“Why are you calling me ‘Izumi-sensei’ ---“

“Ehehe ~ that?”

Megumi smiled mischievously:

“Because this is related to my new plan, so I will tell you from the beginning. A few days ago, when I visited your home, I saw that ‘Silver Wolf of Reincarnation calendar’.”

Ah, I knew it.

Why did I pick a penname that’s the same as my real name? I should’ ve changed it.

“After I took a closer look…I posted it on the net to see if someone recognized it ~ And then a fan of Izumi Masamune-sensei, who also went to the photograph event appeared.”

“Eh? Really?”

Please forgive me for sounding so happy right now.

I, I have a female fan? Who might she be?

Since she went to the photograph event, I tried to remember ---

“By the way, it’s a boy.”

“A boy?”

I should have known! Only males came to my signature event ----

Not only that, only males read my novels, there were four ultra-big letters EROMANGA[6] on the cover. Of course no girl would dare to pick one up.

“A small boy, bald, do you remember him? Tall, high school and….”

“Ah..! Yes! There was a bald guy among them!”

Damn that bastard! He sold me out!

But I didn’t deny it. That can’t be helped.

"But a boy in high school….."

Aren't you a middle age schoolgirl? Seeing my unasked question, Megumi answered:

"I have a lot of male friends ~"

"…Ah, is that so."

There is no need to ask anymore.

" --- And so, after I asked him a lot, I found out. Do you get it, Izumi-sensei?"

"Ha, yeah, I understand why I was exposed."

Although Eromanga-sensei's true identity is still safe, I need to tread carefully here.

"Then…let's get to the main topic. What is the connection between my real identity and your new plan to become Sagiri's friend?"

"Okay. Although I don't know where whoever took my place came from ---"

Megumi raised a finger:

“Among the techniques to make friends, the most important things is you need to know about your target. What does that person like? What type of people does that person like? What is that person’s hobby? Information like that.”

“I see.”

That was something coming from a class rep with 500 friends. Sounded very convincing.

“Yes. Then – I have been thinking. In order to become Izumi-chan’s friend, I decided ---“

"To learn more about those disgusting novels ~!"

To learn about those disgusting novels ---- Disgusting novels --- Novels ---

Megumi's penetrating voice echoed back and forth in the shop.

Then silence.

Me. Megumi. Tomoe……All three of us fell silent.

Finally, I asked:

"To become Sagiri's friend….you…what did you just say?"

"Eh? Didn't you hear me? Haaaaaa that's not good, Izumi-sensei. I will repeat once more, okay?"

"In order to become Izumi-chan's friend, I have decided to learn more about those disgusting novels ~!"

…..Doesn't seem like I misheard….

She said that right in front of a light novel author….

…But…how should I reply?

When I was having trouble ….

"Hey, brat. Say that again."

With a shaking voice, the bookstore mistress slowly took a step forward, her killing aura visible.

Oh damn.

“To, Tomoe-chan?”

Megumi looked at the terrifying Tomoe, her eyes widened.

While at the same time, Tomoe was emitting an insane killing aura, her face showed a sinister sneer.

“Hohohoh….You said something about disgusting…right in front of the master of a light novel store….kukuku.”

I heard something that sounded like a switch was pressed.

“You are so braveeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!! Don’t look down on us!”

“Wahwahwah!”

I quickly applied a joint lock technique from behind my friend, who was about to attack a customer

“Gruhhhhhh! Mune-kun! Don’t stop me! Let me go!”

“Tomoe! Wait! Calm down! She doesn’t have any ill intentions!”

“Ha!? No ill intentions ----? As if I could forgive her!”

You aren’t wrong on that aspect.

"Customers! There are customers here aside from her! Say, say! Calm down, okay? I like the Tomoe who is as calm and gentle as an extra character the most ~"

After I played my role as a kid for a while, Tomoe finally returned to normal.

"Hoh ~ hoh ~ I felt like I was coaxed by a kid just now."

"That's your imagination. Calm down, calm down."

I turned my head back to Megumi:

"You too. Apologize!"

"Ehehe, sorry ~ I'm reflecting on this situation."

"You are totally not reflecting at all! Want me to throw you down from Arakawa bridge!?"

"Don't do that. Scary ~ Onii-san ~ you looked like a bad guy from Adachi, Arakawa Ward's law enforcer."

"That's enough, you two!"

You are ruining Adachi area's reputation.

For me, this area is full of my parents, my mother, and my hometown's memories.

I can't stand it when someone badmouths them. The law and order was gradually improved.

In short, everyone finally calmed down.

I told Megumi:

“Don’t call a novel with illustrations disgusting. A lot of people would be angry if you do that.”

“Okay ~ then what should I call it?”

“Light novel…yeah, that would be fine.”

“Okay, I will do that from now on.”

“That’s for the best.”

It would be simpler if she just talked to me beforehand instead of beating around the bush.

“And so? Back to the main topic…why is ‘improve relationship with Sagiri’ related to learning more about light novels?”

“Because Izumi-chan’s Onii-san is a light novel’s author, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then I think that Izumi-chan must like light novels a lot, right? ”

“………….Maybe?”

True, there were a lot of light novels inside Sagiri’s room. Many of them weren’t written by me.

"It must be ~ I said so, there will be no problems."

Megumi confidently answered.

"…..Yeah…probably…."

At least she didn't hate light novels. Her job is a light novel's illustrator after all.

"I understand."

"Okay? Then, Onii-san, do you understand why I called you here?"

"Nope, not at all."

"Haaaaa……"

Megumi dropped her shoulders, but she quickly recovered herself:

"I want to have the same hobby as Izumi-chan. But I don't know where to start, so I need Onii-san's help."

"Ah, is that so?"

"Yes."

…This girl…

I like One Piece the most

She once said that before.

Because her friend likes it, she felt that she should like it too – then she will like it herself - to the point she could proudly bring it up in conversation – if that was the case, then I couldn't scold her with 'That's too sudden' or 'You don't understand anything'…

I felt that I'm slowly beginning to understand Megumi better.

"In that case ------"

When I was about to make my recommendations, Tomoe put her hand around my shoulder and pulled my head closer:

"Mune-kun! Come here for a second!"

"What?"

Hey, your breasts are touching me!

Tomoe led me to another corner, said:

"I get it. Among youngsters today, this girl is still an easily impressionable child."

"How old are you?"

"But I still can't forgive her for what she said just now."

"Forgive….so what are you going to do?"

Don't do anything bad inside the store, please.

Tomoe said with a crafty expression:

“Use light novels to destroy her.”

“Wh, what?”

“That girl looked down on light novels – so, we will drag her into a pit and destroy her.”

“While your words and action sounded sinister, that isn’t a bad idea.”

“Then let me go to her school as a missionary, and I can get a lot of customers.”

“I take it back. It’s an evil idea.”

But that was a good way to handle the situation. That girl had a lot of friends.

Tomoe got away from me and walked to Megumi with a hearty, business-like smile

“Dear customer ~ I have heard of your situation. If you want a light novel for beginners, then please look at what I show you instead of what those third-rate authors sell. I will sincerely serve you, and find the most suitable book for you.”

“Ha, ha…Then please. Can you please talk normally? Really.”

Tomoe’s disgusting business tone made Megumi back off. And what third rate author was she talking about?

For some reasons, Tomoe’s evaluation of ‘Izumi Masamune’ is quite low.

Still…things got a little strange. I wonder how will it end?

Well, Tomoe wasn’t too bad when it came to recommendations, I will leave it to her.

“Then I will talk normally. Please come this way ~”

She led Magumi inside and picked a book from the Dengeki Bunko’s shelf.

“This ‘Hyper Hybrid Organization’[7] is pretty good!”

Ah! This!

“You could take a look, if it doesn’t suit your taste then don’t force yourself, it’s good to pick something you like. Please have fun while reading. Next this -- ' Escape from The School'[8]."

She really took it seriously, all of them were masterpieces.

Still…well, I will shut up for now.

“My next recommendation is this ‘R.O.D’! Girl! Read! Or! Die![9] ”

…Tomoe always has fun when she recommends a book.

Sharing what you like with someone else.

When I wrote novel, I did the same thing too.

After that, Tomoe recommended some other novels about love and other genres for Megumi.

Megumi was overwhelmed by the mistress’s momentum, she could only follow.

"Next is Fantasy Demon Blade Legend[10]*’! This is the one that has sold the most!”*

“…….After seeing your recommendations, I remembered. You like this author.”

“Yes, I’m a big fan. Currently, the second season of the anime is showing. This is the most suitable light novel for beginners.”

Tomoe laughed mischievously.

Just like my little sister, Tomoe was at her cutest when she talked about her favorite things and smiled.

Just ---

“Tomoe, I think that’s enough. She would be troubled if you made so many recommendations.”

“Ah, you are right” Tomoe said.

“Don’t worry! I’m totally okay with this! All to become Izumi-chan’s friend! I will buy them all! Although I don’t totally understand these book which are full of text – but as long as this is something my friend likes, there is no way I wouldn’t like them too.”

That girl also tried her best.

If Elf was here, she might even have made a cool-sounding skill name for Megumi.

“I’m happy to hear that. But I can’t let a middle age school girl spend so much money. Today you should buy only five…no only three books. You can’t read too many at once anyway. If they are good then you can always come back later.”

Originally, I planned to introduce Megumi to the library. But with the bookstore’s daughter here it’s impossible.

“Three books huh…I want to have at least one book from Izumi Masamune-sensei.”

“If you need my book, I'll give it to you directly.”

“Really?”

“Yes. So use your pocket money on books that you yourself like. ”

“…Thank you. Onii-san, you really are kind.”

Megumi gave me a charming smile.

“Ehehe ~ how about a kiss?”

“That was too far for a joke.”

“Ah, what a pity. If you said ‘sure’ I’d really kiss you.”

“You are joking.”

Although I said that, but…damn, I really felt a bit of regret.

I don’t like it ….this girl….

“Uhuh. Then I will pick the first two…and the last one you recommended.”

“Okay ~ thank you for coming ~”

After she took the money, Tomoe said in a meaningful tone:

“See you tomorrow, Megumi-chan.”

“Eh? Tomorrow?”

“Uhm. It’s nothing – Bye bye.”

“? --- Bye bye, Tomoe-chan.”

That was their first meeting, but they already had a good relationship.

After we left the Takasago bookstore, we went to the Izumi’s household in order to give Megumi my book.

On the way, Megumi asked me:

“Onii-san~. What does Tomoe-chan mean when she said ‘see you tomorrow’? I feel like she’s hiding something from me….”

“You will know soon enough.”

I smiled and refused to let her know the answer.

The next day, Megumi called me.

[Onii-san! The book that Tomoe-chan recommended for me is so amazing!]

“Is that so? That’s good to hear.”

[I’m sorry for calling it disgusting before! I was wrong! I’ve bought good books! So that’s what Tomoe-chan meant yesterday! Really ~ you are mean Izumi-sensei. Why didn’t you tell me how good light novels are beforehand! Ah, I still haven't read your book, sensei. I’m really looking forward to it!]

“…..Do whatever you want.”

The next day, Megumi called me again.

[Hey! What’s the meaning of this?!]

“How am I going to know the answer right after picking up the phone?”

[All of the novels that Tomoe-chan recommended to me all ended on a cliffhanger! The next! When will they sell the next one!?]

“As if I know.”

[EHHHHHHHHHHHH!?]

Don’t be so loud when on the phone. Even the windows were trembling.

“I’m also waiting for them.”

[Don’t wanna! Don’t wanna don’t wanna don’t wanna don’t wanna! You are lying right?Please stop joking! I can’t wait even a single day more!]

“Me too, me too.”

Everyone’s the same.

[Onii-san, you are a novelist right! Please contact the author! Please tell him to hurry and finish the sequel!]

“Don’t cause trouble for others! How could I urge another author to finish his work? Even I would be upset if someone asked me to hurry!”

You have to understand! We have a lot of difficulties too!

Even if you beat around the bush, some authors would be scared. This is a very sensitive topic.

Some of us can handle being asked when the next volume is coming out,but some can’t. I hope you can understand this.

[Then…then what about this, this insatiable emptiness that I’m feeling? What should I do?]

…..Destroy her.

She fell into Tomoe’s trap. Bookstores are scary.

True, among masterpieces, there was some that make the reader beg for more.

“Hyper Hybrid Organization", "Maria-sama ga Miteru ", "The Melancholy of Haruhi Suzumiya", "The Twelve Kingdoms", " R.O.D” – like that.

The truth is, all of the so-called beginner light novels that Tomoe picked weren’t suited for newbies.

Especially the three novels that Megumi picked. None of them were finished yet.

Like Fantasy Demon Blade Legend, which was stalled for a while. A very scary work in every sense.

It was such a super-super-super awesome novel, but it stopped right at a cliffhanger.

And despite everyone’s expectations, the 12th volume was still nowhere to be seen.

All readers, me included, were dying to read it.

Tomoe, fully knew this, and still purposely suggested that Megumi buy that book.

What a demon.

“There’s only one way to cure this state. Go read other good novels.”

[Kuh…how…how could it be…]

“Still…isn’t it what you intended to do?”

[Eh?]

“Didn’t you begin reading light novels in order to have a common topic to talk about, and to become friends with Sagiri? See, you already like them.”

You like them so much that you couldn’t stop reading anymore.

[Ah! Now that you mention it….]

Megumi suddenly sounded confused.

[…I…like novels…]

“Yes, you do. So, your training is now finished.”

[Yes!]

Megumi recovered her spirit, and said:

[Onii-san, tell me about Izumi-chan’s favorite novel!]

“...Say, shouldn’t you ask her directly?”

I suggested:

“If you do that, wouldn’t it be easier to start a relationship?”

[Onii-san….]

I could hear the admiration in Megumi’s voice.

[This is it! Nice idea! Yeah!!!! ~~~~~~~~~~~]

She sounded like a robber who had found a treasure chest.

[Oh….Onii-san, you are a bit cool.]

“Thank you.”

[I needed to thank you. Say…between my heart and my body…which do you prefer?]

“Don’t blow at the speaker!”

I could feel goose bumps forming.

I quickly returned to the topic:

“So, can your strategy work now?”

[Of course! Then, tomorrow after school I will bother you again!]

For a novelist, although it is important for a reader to pay for my book, sometimes, there are more important things.

For example…using my book as an opportunity to make new friends with other readers.

To make friends.

What a happy story.

It’s as valuable as seeing someone enjoy my story.

This time, my book helped create that chance for Megumi and Sagiri.

I couldn’t help but imagine the scene when they both energetically begin talking non-stop about a book.

“By the way, Megumi. About ‘The Silver Wolf of Reincarnation’ that I gave you, have you read it?”

[Yes. That, that’s quite unique!]

I want to kill you! You destroyed my heart!

…What would you do if Sagiri said she liked my book?

Hurry up and like it already!

The next day, which was when Megumi said that she would come, before I went to school, I visited the locked room. There was something I had to talk about with Sagiri beforehand.

"Sagiri ~ I have something to say. Open it ~"

A moment later, the door slowly opened…Sagiri appeared in a white dress.

Our eyes met.

"……"

"……"

We both froze. I didn't know about Sagiri's reason, but I froze because my little sister was wearing super cute clothes that made me stand there dumbfounded.

No! No nononono!How can I allow my heart to race so much because of my little sister!

"Nii-san…what do you want to say?"

She said it like it was nothing. Well, the truth is the style of clothing she wore changed only recently.

I don’t know why, but she had begun to try some new clothes on at home.

Every time she launched a surprise attack like this, my heart raced like hell.

And where did she get those clothes anyway? Did she always have them? Did she buy them via the Internet?

As usual, my little sister was so mysterious. Even if I asked, she wouldn’t tell me.

“Well, that’s ….where should I start….”

Let’s begin with the first order then.

“Those…clothes…suit you. Why did you decide to wear them?”

“No reason….I just…wanted to….”

Sagiri whispered embarrassed,

“Is that so? You look cute.”

“Oh…!”

Thud thud She looked down and tried to hit my stomach.

She couldn’t get past my defense. Without a weapon, her attack was very low.

“Hey, why are you angry….”

“What, what do you want to say. Hurry and say it!”

“Fine fine. First about what you asked me to…”

“You meant to find a cute girl with big breasts and willing to show me her panties?”

“Yes. I have been trying to ask a certain person….”

“Oh….she will let me see her panties?”

“Yes.”

“………………Really? ….oh.”

“Hey, what’s with your ‘is this guy serious’ expression?”

I did it because of you!

“Because, because…I didn’t think that there is someone like that …and….”

“And?”

“……And….although….”

Her voice became so quiet that I couldn’t hear anything.

Sagiri pouted. She looked even more pissed at me than before.

“Mwu ~”

“Sa, Sagiri?...Since the beginning, what are you angry for?”

“I don’t care. I hate Nii-san the most.”

She turned her head aside.

Although I was in a hurry, I couldn’t help but notice that my little sister looked cute even when she was angry. My expression was torn between being anxious and giggling, so even I didn’t know what I should do.

“Calm down, okay. Then, I will ask her again and make her agree no matter what.”

If it’s for Sagiri, I would even kneel to Tomoe and beg her to show her panties.

Sagiri told me hurriedly:

“There, there’s no need…No need for that anymore. Don’t do anything unnecessary”

“Is that so? But I felt that if I begged her again she might reluctantly agree.”

“That’s enough! Really, Nii-san you pervert!”

…I asked my friend to show panties for you, for Eromanga-sensei… and I am called a pervert?

Unacceptable.

“Then that’s about it. Also…”

“…Something else?”

Sagiri looked like she could slam the door shut at any moment, she was standing on edge, waiting for me to continue.

“Megumi said she wanted to come here today.”

“……….Ohhhhh.”

Sagiri looked like she had just seen a cockroach.

….You hate your class rep this much?

Inside the locked room, I sat in front of my little sister and told her about what Megumi did.

“…Nii-san, why are you always trying to do those unnecessary things? I told you that I don’t want to meet her.”

“Don’t say that. Megumi is still a good person at heart. She tried to like the same things you like too.”

“But…although. Even that….mwu…”

“She only wanted to borrow a book. That’d be fine, right?”

I looked at Sagiri’s bookshelf.

“You could give her Maria-sama ga Miteru volume 11 ‘Holding a Parasol’.”

“Why, why are you sounding like a devil, Nii-san?!”

It’s not my fault, this is a certain bookstore mistress’s fault. This was her intention all along.

Although Maria-sama ga Miteru was finished, that bookstore mistress only sold Megumi the first ten volumes (which ended in a cliffhanger). If she could buy them all, she would probably be happy.

“Anyway…I don’t want to see her face.”

As expected – no meeting face to face. Sagiri’s hikikomori had some rules.

Whenever there was ‘someone else’ at home, don’t leave the room.

Don’t let anyone enter her room (but might let someone in?)

Wearing a mask and voice changer and speaking via the Internet was acceptable.

If she wanted to improve her relationship with Sagiri, she needed to deal with those rules.

"….If all she needs is to borrow a book…then I could…but…."

"But?"

"……..Con, condition."

Sagiri rubbed her finger together and looked embarrassed.

Then she whispered:

"Class rep………………………..Is she cute?"

The same day, after school. As soon as school ended, I hurried back home and prepared for my guest. Then same as before, she arrived with a song-like-ring of the doorbell.

This class rep…she was too carefree. I wonder if she really could make so many friends. But considering how motivated she was, she will probably always get what she intended in the end. Maybe she really had that many friends.

"Coming ~."

I opened the door and saw her. Megumi raised a hand:

"Hello!"

"Welcome! Come in!"

First Elf and now Megumi. After I knew of Eromanga-sensei's true identity, the number of girls that came to my home had increased. Hopefully it has a good effect on Sagiri.

I showed Megumi the living room and left her there. Then I brought coffee and a snack over.

"About our talk on the phone this morning…."

"Yes, the condition to let me borrow her book – she needs me to be her model for an illustration, right?"

Yes. This was the condition Sagiri spoke of.

Megumi, in order to improve her relationship with Sagiri, came to borrow a book.

Sagiri's condition was that she needed Megumi to be her model --- that was it.

"Ehehehe, I'm so embarrassed ~ I even tried to dress up a bit! How is it, Onii-san?"

Still sitting on the sofa, Megumi cutely showed off her body.

It looked like she put on some clothes from a fashion magazine.

"…Ah…not bad."

I couldn't help but notice Megumi's super short miniskirt.

“Ehehe, she wants me to be her model for illustration….could it be that Izumi-chan has some hidden intentions?”

My guess is Sagiri asked that to get more references for my novel outline.

Probably ---

I will not ask anything perverted.

When Sagiri said that with a righteous expression, my concern disappeared.

That came from Eromanga-sensei, who asked a girl she just meet to raise her skirt.

Besides, Sagiri have never met Megumi before. They never met face to face. So she probably didn’t have any hidden intentions. She must just be asking a middle school girl to be her model for my new novel…It must be that.

And to think that I doubted Eromanga-sensei’s noble intentions. ..I’m sorry, Sagiri.

But even though….making a novel outline or making friends…I hope this could be step forward.

“Ara ~? Onii-san, your eyes are so perverted~ Girls know where a boy is looking ~”

“As, as if!”

What? She knew where was I looking? Girls are so scary.

"Don't look at me like that, I'm a model for a fashion magazine ~ I can make any pose you want!"

Fashion magazine huh?

Since Megumi truly looked very cute, I felt that it's entirely possible that she actually might be a model.

Of course, the "raising-her-skirt pose" is something she wouldn't do even if I asked.

"So, what should I do now? Izumi-chan is not going to come out, right?"

"Ah, yeah."

Let me see her panties closely while I don't have to leave the room and she doesn't enter the room

Finally, I found a way.

I took the black cloth and rope that Sagiri gave me and showed Megumi.

"Wh…what is this?"

"Blindfold and rope."

A few minutes later ---

“Wait! Onii-san!? It’s like a hentai video! I’m embarrassed!”

“Do you watch that kind of video too?”

“No, of course not! But, this…feels a bit overboard!”

“That’s just your imagination.”

I lied. Of course this was too much.

I led Megumi to the locked room. Because Megumi had the blindfold on, her hands were tied together, she was unable to do anything, see anything.

If Megumi’s like that, then she is allowed to enter…that was what Eromanga-sensei had said.

As a model, don’t you feel that something is very wrong?

“As expected of a fashion magazine model, you look good in anything.”

“Ehehehe, right right --- no this is not right! I never appeared in such perverted state when taking my photograph! Wh, what kind of magazine do you think I’m working for?”

Megumi shook her tied hands furiously.

“This can’t be helped. Unless you do that, Sagiri won’t meet you .”

“Mwu...Although I feel that meeting face to face is already a good thing…but this…this is really embarrassing.”

Megumi looked like that was her first time.

Although she showed that she really wanted to do this, I was still surprised. I felt that if I asked to see her panties, not only would she not be angry, she might even agree.

“Then I will call her now…Megumi, remember: don’t do anything rash, and don’t take your blindfold off.”

“What exactly can I do in this state?”

She raised her tied hands to me.

“Okay.”

I confirmed one last time then turned to the locked room.

“Sagiri, we are here.”

I called.

The door opened with a *creakkkkk*, but it stopped nearly immediately. Through the small gap, Sagiri peeked outside.

Megumi also noticed, she asked:

“Pleased to meet you, Izumi-chan. Are you there?”

“!”

Sagiri was startled, she immediately returned back to her room.

“Hey, don’t startle her. You need to treat her kindly, like a small , timid creature.”

“I only tried to start a conversation?”

Too bad, Sagiri isn’t that kind of girl.

My little sister is very scared of strangers. I put my hands to my mouth and shouted towards the locked room.

“Sagiri ~ its fine ~ I blindfolded and tied her up, she can’t do anything, don’t be scared ~”

“…That…that girl…is like a beast….”

Some more time passed, then the door slowly opened again, showing Sagiri’s little face.

And then ---

“Wah!”

Seeing Megumi, Sagiri made a surprised sound.

…What’s wrong Sagiri? Didn’t you ask me to blindfold and tie her up ?

"…….Wow…..wow………."

She put a hand on her chest, her face flushed.

Just like a fan who meet his idol.

She kept standing like that…then finally.

"!"

Just like someone had startled her again, her body trembled and recovered. And then…

"This way."

Sagiri took Megumi's hand and let her into the room.

"Ya!" Megumi screamed a bit.

"Hey…Sagiri?"

Is, is this real? Sagiri actively took someone into her room?

"….!"

Sagiri totally failed to hear me, she kept looking at Megumi with burning eyes.

"Good!"

Then she immediately crouched down and began drawing.

Her action was very swift, and without any hesitation.

“…!...!”

A heartwarming smile appeared on her lips.

…Ah, it’s too late now.

“…Sorry Megumi. Sagiri – is totally focused on her drawing right now.”

“Okay…uhm…but is Izumi-chan really here? It’s not like Onii-san prepared a recording and tricked me into a defenseless state, right?”

“How could that be true?! Don’t make me into a bad guy!”

Although from an outsider point of view, this could actually be true.

“Sagiri…I’m suffering from slander, can you say something to prove my innocence?”

“…………..”

“……Sa, Sagiri?”

Mwu….I knew it.

No matter what I said, Sagiri made absolutely no response. She just sat there with the digital board in her hand, and did something similar to those guys who would lie down and try to take picture of someone’s panties.

While her breathing was hard, her face was serious.

If a male did the same thing she was doing, he would be arrested immediately.

But now, Sagiri – Eromanga-sensei looked very dazzling in my eyes.

And Megumi of course couldn’t see that.

“Onii, Onii-san? Izumi-chan didn’t answer! Is there a camera here? Can I go home right now?”

“Please mind your words in front of my little sister. Sagiri’s just focused on drawing too much, she’s unable to answer.”

“….Is that so? I can only trust you for now. But….if Onii-san wanted to do something strange to me, I couldn’t do anything to resist. Okay, I will mentally prepare myself!”

“Mentally prepare yourself for what? Forget I asked, you don’t have to answer.”

Although we were talking, Sagiri kept drawing without stopping.

Sometime she crawled around in a very questionable form and observed Megumi from different angles.

She was totally – into Eromanga-sensei mode. Now her head had nothing but the desire to finish an erotic and cute illustration.

“….Your line of sight! You are looking at my chest and my thighs aren’t you! My muscles are shaking!”

“I have to remind you that this isn’t me.”

“How, how could a girl have such a perverted gaze! I’m so uncomfortable!”

“From the beginning….you looked embarrassed.”

“Eh? Is that so?”

“Yeah…like you are not really used to such a perverted gaze…. ”

“That’s not the reason – no! I can withstand this level fine! I’m a model!”

Although Megumi said that, she pulled her tied hands back to her chest.

That action wasn’t as swift or easy as she said.

Strange…how could this shameless girl be capable of such action…. this wasn’t like the Megumi I knew.

The Megumi I knew was someone with a lot of male friends, who enjoyed talking about dirty jokes. What's going on?

"……..Megumi…you…could it be?..."

"Yes?"

"You are --- a fashion bitch [11]?"

I pointed my finger at Megumi and blurted out,

"Wh, wh, what…." Megumi's face twisted into a forced smile: " What do you mean? What is a fashion bitch…."

"They are girls who have never done anything remotely erotic, but always pretend to be a pervert."

"………"

Megumi immediately flushed.

…..Looks like I hit the bull's eye.

Ah, thank god for the fact that a middle school girl who is a pervert doesn't exist.

"No nonono, that's not it. I…er…I….I just have a lot of experience….and many male friends…and little..."

"Little?"

"I have also seen a little bit of a penis".

……..Is that so?

You decide to announce this at someone else’s home?

“I, I’m telling the truth.”

“Then it must be your father’s.”

“No, it’s not!”

Eh? Really? You aren’t lying, are you?

“You, who’s have you seen…? No, don’t say something so shameless in front of Sagiri! I get it! I get it already!”

“Hmhm…it’s good that you understand.”

Megumi showed a proud expression and pouted

…Strange…I thought that she was a fashion bitch.

Was I wrong? Was Megumi actually a bitch?

When I was wondering, Megumi continued our conversation.

“Listen to me, Onii-san!”

Because of the blindfold, she turned to the wrong direction and got angry.

“I, I’m not a fashion bitch! It’s the truth ----“

Whoosh zhhhhhhhhh

“ ------------- Eh?”

……………………………..

……………………………

Time froze.

Now, right in front of me, something ‘unbelievable’ happened – because Sagiri did something ‘unbelievable’.

Both I and Megumi were stunned for a few seconds.

………..How….how should I put it…it’s… a bit hard to say……

Sagiri pulled Megumi’s panties down.

When the panties fell to Megumi’s ankles, my whole body stopped.

And Sagiri also stopped herself, she still maintained the same posture that she had when she pulled Megumi's panties down --

Finally, time moved again….with a whisper:

“…………What cute striped panties.”

“!”

The next instant -----

“

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

From the locked room came a girly scream.

A few minutes later.

“….Hoh…hoh…oh….”

In front of me and Sagiri, Megumi was crouched down, and was covering her face with her hands, crying.

She didn’t look like the shameless bitch from before. Just a normal girl who was scared and cried when someone took off her panties.

And she came here because of my suggestion.

….I felt guilty.

Eromanga-sensei…..what should we do….

No matter how much I indulge my little sister, this time I shot her a glare with condemned eyes.

“….Oh….”

It doesn’t look like she is in Eromanga-sensei mode anymore.

“Ah…wah…hic….”

Sagiri also went pale and trembled.

Her expression…was saying ‘what have I done?’

In one hand, she still held Megumi’s stolen panties. Her voice trembled:

“…I knew it was too much, but I couldn’t hold myself back.”

Who could understand what you said!

If this was revealed, your career as an illustrator is over!

Everything regarding you will be burned to the ground.

‘’Eromanga-sensei caught being a pervert.’’….despite her only being a child….

Worst case, I have no choice but to take the blame instead – I couldn’t help but imagine the worst possible situation.

“….Oh…oh….oh~”

Suddenly, like something that had chained her down was cut, Sagiri sat down in front of Megumi.

“…..?”

Because she made some noise, Megumi raised her head. She was still blindfolded even now.

….What…what is she going to do? Could it be….

From the side, I saw Sagiri take Megumi's blindfold off.

Behind the cloth was a pair of teary eyes. And her eyes meet Sagiri's.

"….Ah."

"….Oh."

Sagiri's shoulders trembled – because she was scared of strangers.

Then like Megumi's, her eyes quickly filled with tears. She looked horrified.

But even so, she gathered her courage and maintained eyes contact.

"…Oh….oh…"

And then --

"I'm sorry."

She bowed and apologized.

Although Eromanga-sensei turned into a pervert whenever she saw something related to illustrations --- But when she did something wrong, she was still a good kid who will apologize.

…But can Megumi forgive Sagiri or not?

I should apologize too – what was I thinking…

“We can speak now!”

I never thought that Megumi would say that.

Still crying, her nose still flushed, yet she said that like something amazing happened:

“Izumi-chan! We can easily speak with each other now! Even without the blindfold!”

That's the most important thing! -- I felt that was what Megumi was trying to say.

Faced with the sudden bombardment, Sagiri could only mutter “Oh? Eh” in response.

“….It…it's not like…its fine…but….I need to apologize.”

Sagiri once again apologized. Megumi wiped her tears with her sleeves.

“I forgive you!”

And with a smile, she said:

“We are friends now! Because I let you see my panties!”

I felt that the reason was a bit…off.

Now, there was both pride and embarrassment on Megumi’s face – a complete mess.

But even so, her voice was gentle and serious.

Hearing that, Sagiri blinked and said:

“No, we aren’t”

“Oh oh --- hey!”

Still firmly rejecting in this situation, my little sister was so stubborn.

“You are too much! You even took my panties! Even my younger brother hasn't done that! You are too much, Izumi-chan!”

“But you said you forgave me.”

“Yes! But don’t you think that there is something else you could say? Like, becoming friends?”

“That….thank you for your hospitality?”

“You are welcome! Damn it! I should have charged you for taking them!”

This was hard to hear.

But at the same time, it made me re-evaluate what I saw.

Because Sagiri…was talking with her.

While it took me a year of effort…. in order to hear my little sister’s voice.

“…Payment…ah.”

Like she suddenly remembered something, Sagiri opened her mouth then turned away.

“….Izumi-chan?”

“………”

Sagiri ran towards her bookshelf, took some books from it, and then returned to Megumi’s side.

“….Here.”

“Oh!”

“Although we can’t be friends…this is my promised payment.”

“Ah ---- “

Megumi also sounded like she suddenly remembered something.

"That's right. A promised payment."

"Yes. Like I said…here, they are for you."

Sagiri gently handed her the books with both hands, like a girl who had sent out her love letter.

"My…favorite books. Please…take them."

"----------------"

……..*You tried your best, Sagiri.*

I praised my little sister in my heart.

Anthropophobia. Unable to communicate well….But now I see that wasn't all.

The conversation just now…took a lot of effort…that I knew better than anyone.

Before Megumi took the books, somehow she paused for a moment.

"These are… Izumi-chan's favorite books."

"Yes…the booksI like the most in the world."

"Really – then, I will like them too."

Unfortunately, from my position, I couldn't see the name of the books that Sagiri had picked.

“After I finish it, can I borrow some more?”

“…Sure.”

“Okay, then, let’s promise!”

Thus – in the end, did Megumi catch up with Elf?

Or did she even get ahead?

Anyway.

After a year, now that I finally had some partners on the road that I had been travelling.

That was what I felt.

“Izumi-chan. Can you return my panties that you just snuck into your pocket earlier?”

“…That’s…please wait until my illustration is finished.”

Chapter 3

第三章

After school, a few days later, I met my little sister in the locked room.

[Nii…what is it today?]

Sagiri still had her headphones on as usual.

Aside from the cute flower pajamas, today she had a white sweater.

For some reason, she's been trying to wear these types of clothing at home too.

-- I had the feeling that her clothes were becoming more and more revealing.

Even though I was happy every time we met, I felt that it was a bit unbelievable.

First Elf and then Megumi.

Is it because she made friends? But what's the connection between that and changing clothes?

Forget it. It's not a bad thing anyway.

"Ah…actually, there is something I wanted to tell you."

I hid my tablet behind me and smiled:

[Will it…take a long time?]

“Ah, no. It should be quick.”

[Is that so? Then I will let you go first.]

“Me first?”

I stared at her.

[…Uh huh.]

Sagiri smiled at me:

[…I also have something to show you.]

Wow. What a coincidence.

My little sister is going to show me something…my heart is racing…I wonder what it is?

Sagiri suddenly looked at me with a deadpan expression:

[….Nii, you’re thinking something perverted again.]

“No, of course not.”

[…No, it’s not what you think.]

Sagiri pouted and blushed.

“Okay. Then let me go first.”

I pointed at the table behind me:

“Clang clang ~! Take a look!”

[Ah…this is…]

“Yes! The novel outline! I finally finished it!”

The screen showed the complete outline of the novel.

I also used Eromanga-sensei’s illustration. It looked quite dazzling.

There were a lot of changes inside, with a new heroine, and more content.

Not to mention a character sheet. It was like a manga outline already.

“I have a lot of confidence in this. It’s my first novel outline. Haha ~ all thanks to Eromanga-sensei.”

I showed this to her while scratching my nose.

Sagiri took the tablet and said:

[…I don’t know someone with that name.]

Why are you saying that now? It’s finished thanks to your effort as well.

Also thanks to Elf and Megumi for their scarifices for Eromanga-sensei.

Because of them, Eromanga-sensei was fired up and managed to draw a lot of super erotic and cute illustrations.

Due to those illustrations, I was able to get past my writer's block – and finish this novel outline.

""All that's left now is to give it to my editor, and wait for the results!""

I had already called Kagurazaka-san, and she said [As long as your novel outline is passed, you could get published immediately]…if everything went well, we could start very soon.

[Bwuuuu….]

Sagiri swallowed.

Probably because I exaggerated that meeting with an editor is ' like a battle against the Reaper' too much.

"That is an outline we both created, so I want to show it to you before sending it to my editor."

[…I understand. I'll take a look later.]

Sagiri nodded and gently held the tablet to her chest.

[It will be fine. Because we tried out best.]

"You're right."

I was also emotional.

Because we both tried hard for our dreams.

The first step always made people happy, more than anything else.

“That was what I wanted to say. What did you want to show me?”

[…Um…this…eh….]

Sagiri placed the tablet aside and crawled into a corner, and took out a small box, the kind that had wheels underneath.

I didn’t see it the last time I was here.

In other words, she chose a time I wasn’t home to bring it here.

“What…is this?”

[Cosplay clothes.]

Sagiri opened the box.

[Nii…look at this.]

She blushed slightly, then took out ---

A white camisole

“Ehhhhh?????”

I was so surprised that I let out a strange yell.

What, what kind of erotic clothes is that? It's half-transparent!

Were the thoughts running through my head.

I couldn't help but imagine Sagiri in these erotic clothes.

Any teenager who would wear this adult-only clothing, would undoubtly draw a lot of attention.

…Bwuuuuu…

"Sa, Sa, Sagiri….this is ?"

With a trembling voice, I tried to ask. Sagiri looked like she wanted to say 'Doesn't it look good?' and said:

[I feel that it's perfect – what do you think?]

"Wh, wh, what do you mean?"

What exactly should I answer? I was so confused that I didn't know how to reply.

This...this...

"Although I agree that this looks nice…but you can't wear that! It's too erotic!"

[Eh? Oh?]

Only now did Sagiri register a response.

She immediately flushed and tried to rebuke it:

[Eh? Eh? Pervert! Nii, nii, nii-san….you always! Pervert! These clothes are just a reference for my drawing! Not for me, for a heroine in your novel!]

Eromanga-sensei's weakness was that she could only draw what she has already seen.

So it's understandable that she would need clothes like this as a reference – no, no no!

"You're going to wear this half- transparent camisole and come up with a drawing based on yourself, right?"

[Yes! But don't say it out loud!]

Sagiri tried to punch me.

[I'm not a pervert! You…nii-san, you're the one who is imagining me wearing this and doing perverted things…you're the perverted one!]

"It's true that I imagined you in those clothes, but I never imagined you doing anything perverted."

[You just said it!]

"I only repeated what you said!"

Oh really….this little sister of mine……..!

‘Sagiri’s clothes’ were something that I had no control over, so I had to ask.

“By the way, where did you get something like this? Did you buy it via the Internet?”

Since this is a good chance, let’s see if ---

[Mom bought it for me……]

“Ha?...Mother…?”

[….Yes.]

“…I see.”

It’s impossible to access Amazon from the afterlife. - was the thought that suddenly appeared in my mind. Which means that she had to buy it when she was still alive.

But…but…but that’s even stranger!

“You mean that your mother, who was only a bit bigger than you, and very beautiful who was also decorous, delicate, and who was always smiling like a goddess…? She bought these erotic clothes? For you? When you were still underage?”

[Yes!]

“….For real?”

I can’t believe it! It’s so unbelievable!

[It, it’s true! All of this fit mom, so they should fit me too when I get older. She bought me a lot of clothes, in various sizes!]

“A lot of erotic clothes?”

[There were a lot of non-erotic clothes too! Like the wool dress from before!]

Nope. I kind of think that, that dress is erotic too.

“Uhm…ugh….”

I facepalmed.

Sagiri thought that I wasn’t convinced, she quickly added:

[I, I’m telling the truth. It isn’t nonsense…]

“No, I believe you. You wouldn’t lie to me. I’m just…only ….in a bit of a shock. I’ll be fine, just give me a minute.”

Ah…ha….really…this…might have really happened.

Now a lot of my question from before had been answered.

Where does Sagiri get so much clothing?

Why do Eromanga-sensei’s illustrations feature a lot of erotic clothing?

And the reasons? …Because her mother had bought a ton of erotic clothes for her.

Because she wore them and let Sagiri take a look.

Mother…oh mother….

It's true that you were beautiful, but your hobbies were….

I could only look at the sky and silently give my regrets.

If I did it wrong her mother, who was blessing us from heaven, might get into trouble because her ero-secrets were revealed.

Who would have thought that Sagiri's job change into Eromanga-sensei was largely because of her mother?

Eromanga-sensei is so ero.

Eromanga-sensei's mother is no less ero.

I finally saw the truth of this world.

My respect toward my father increased. Such a man, to be able to hold a wife like that in his arms.

In the future, I hope that I could have a wife both as cute and ero as her.

" --- Sorry about just now. I'm fine."

[…You don't look fine to me.]

“To tell the truth, I was still a bit dazzled, but I’m fine. Let’s get back to our main topic.”

[Uhm…okay…Cough cough.]

Sagiri picked up the camisole and said:

[I plan to make the character based on Elf wear this – what do you think?]

Sagiri laughed happily, while I….

“Well…I think this color would suit the main heroine better.”

[Is that so? I plan to let Imouto-chan wear this….]

Sagiri dug into the box and took something else out.

[What about this?]

“What the heck is that?”

Although…although I knew what it was the moment I saw it…but…is there something wrong with my eyes?

[Shimakaze-chan [12]! This is my favorite!]

“Mother did it againnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!!!!!!!”

I wanted nothing more than to file a complaint towards her mother in heaven for leaving such dangerous cosplay clothes behind.

After that, I returned to my room. Shortly thereafter, I ended up getting a skype call from Sagiri.

[I've read the novel outline…it's very good.]

What high praise

"Really! Then I will send it to my editor immediately!"

Full of confidence, I immediately attached the words "I'm waiting for your answer" to the novel outline, and e-mailed it to my Editor. A few minutes later, I got a reply which said 'Come to the editorial department tomorrow'.

Thus, the next day, I sat in front of my editor.

"………."

"……….."

My novel outline was between us, the atmosphere was almost unbearable.

After some formal greetings, Kagurazaka-san began to flip through my outline.

Flip. Flip. One page. Another.

A smile slowly appeared on her face.

I knew this expression very well. She was about to shout ‘ rejected’ again.

I was only showing my novel outline…but the woman in front of me gave me a feeling like the King of Hell before he passed his judgement.

Just looking at her…she looked like the Reaper before she took my life.

“Izumi-sensei ---“

The Reaper spoke.

I swallowed.

Kagurazaka-san put the novel outline down.

Seeing her unpleasant look, I already lost all hope ---

“ --- We can use this.”

“Eh? Really?”

You aren’t going to reject it?

“Yes. Although I really wanted to ask why you decided to abandon your fighting style light novel, but this one has its own allure. The heroine’s charm could work its way into the reader’s heart. Not only that, but this is a joint project of Izumi-sensei and Eromanga-sensei, it would be a waste to reject it.”

Kagurazaka-san suddenly packed away her usual expression, and said seriously:

“As your editor, I assure you that this will be a success.”

“Is…is that…”

“The truth is, yesterday, after you sent your email, I was already planing to call you…”

“Call me?”

“Izumi-sensei! Congratulations!”

“You mean….”

“Yes! The publisher said they are good to go!”

“I pass….”

I clenched my fist --

“I passssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!!!!!!!!!!”

My scream of joy echoed in the editorial department.

I pass! Did you see that Sagiri? Eromanga-sensei!

What we did was the right thing to do!

“You pass, Izumi-sensei!”

“Thank you! Thank you so much!”

I gladly shook my editor’s hand, and shook the hands of the other editors as well.

Wow wow Clap clap clap

Congratulations! Congratulations!

The congratulations lasted for several minutes.

Scratching the back of my head, I could only reply with ‘Thank you very much’ non stop.

“Congratulations, Izumi-sensei.”

When the chaos died down, Kagurazaka-san spoke again.

“Yes!”

It looked like the cursed Reaper today turned into an angel.

“Then, please prepare to publish it in May next year.”

Eh?

“Eh…what did you just say?”

Today is June, isn’t it? How could my new novel be scheduled to publish in May?

“Izumi-sensei’s newest light novel will be published in May, next year! Almost a year later!”

“…………”

I swore that my expression was hilarious.

Probably a deadpan, blank expression.

My head was spinning…what did I just hear? It seemed like I got it, but my head still refused to understand the words.

At the same time, my editor was still congratulating me:

“Congratulations, Izumi-sensei! Ah~ as expected of an author who never gave up on his work, so good! To be able to make a new outline that fast! Authors like you are rare! Congratulations! Congratulations!”

I got the feeling that she really was congratulating me from the bottom of her heart.

Congratulations! Another new novel!

She really had no malicious intent.

“………”

Of course the finished manuscript still needs to be edited – oh right, can we do the formal consultation on the new work in about half a year?”

Until then, there is nothing to do.

That was what she meant back then.

“………..”

No work meaning that my income is 0.

This damn job! I could go into jobless status at any moment!

Still…this…it’s not like this is the first time…

It has been that way for a long time. If I sent it to her sooner, I would have been rejected. Now, I was accepted, but I needed to wait a year.

Some might say that it’s good as long as you can publish it.

But we had no bank savings, no connections, and no family. We live with nothing but my income. We’re done for if I lose my job.

It’s terrible….terrible…terrible!!!

I can’t afford to be depressed here! I need to do something!

“About that….”

"Hm? What's wrong?"

"About my release date, why is it so late?…."

"Because other authors were trying their best too, so your spot was pushed farther back. I couldn't keep it open forever."

Really? But in that case there was nothing I could do.

"But…you said you'd leave a spot for me?"

"That spot was taken just a few days ago."

"Wh, why?"

"Ah, it's kind of embarrassing. A few days after I sent that e-mail to you, some famous author took it."

"Ugh…."

Yet you said you'd leave me a spot! I really wanted to explode right now, but I managed to stay calm.

Need to…calm down…calm down…calm down…

Another famous author sent his work huh…

Is that so…so that's it huh…

This…was so hard to accept

Deep down I was already tired, but I tried to ask one more question:

“By the way, can I ask which famous author was that?”

“The Ace of battle-style light novel, Muramasa-sensei.”

“…..Mwu…..”

I stood up, put my palms on my head, looked at the sky and ---

“Muramasaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!! I knew it! That damn bastard again!!!! !!! Aaaarghhhhhh!!!!!!”

Inside the editorial department, the dying scream of Izumi Masamune echoed over and over.

[……Nii-san, you’re jobless again?]

“No, don’t use that word!”

I rebuked it with the same reaction when Elf told me to ‘die’.

“Please don’t call a novelist without work jobless.”

[Even if you sugar coated it, the truth won’t change. You don’t have a job now…just like me.]

“….Yeah, you’re right.”

Now, I was facing my little sister – inside the locked room.

Her ‘seal’ seemed to be weakening, due to the fact that she agreed to let me in.

Or maybe it’s because this conversation is quite important to us.

Because my little sister – Sagiri – is also my partner – Eromanga-sensei.

Since I don’t have a new novel, Eromanga-sensei’s income is 0 too.

She turned the volume higher, and said:

[By the way, who is that Muramasa-sensei that you spoke of?]

“Senjyu Muramasa-sensei. A novelist ranked higher than me.”

Sagiri glared at her bookshelves. Then her eyes stopped on the hit novel of the season ‘Fantasy Demon Blade Legend’.

“Yes, he’s the author of this novel.”

[Of course I knew that…but, is he good?]

“Very good.”

[….Very good?]

In order to help her understand easier, I thought for a moment and said:

"He's even more famous than Yamada Elf-sensei next door…do you get it now?"

[….That good?]

It's understandable that Sagiri was surprised, since I compared him with Yamada Elf-sensei, whose novel was made into anime, and who is ten time more famous than me.

Yamada Elf-sensei – her sales reached a million, who holds the title of Greater Novelist.

However, Muramasa-sensei….in Elf's standard, his sales have reached tens of millions, which grants him the title of Arch Novelist.

"Frankly speaking, he's several levels ahead of me."

[…Someone that good took your spot?]

"Yeah. It's been like that for a long time. After many hardships, our novel outline managed to get passed, but this guy…."

I slammed my fist on the floor.

"He's already got a masterpiece, yet he still keeps writing new ones. Just hurry up and finish 'Fantasy Demon Blade Legend', damn it! This damn Muramasa! That was my spot! He dared to kick me out!"

[…You should blame yourself before you blame others.]

“What?”

I painfully put a hand on my chest…Sagiri…she threw a curve ball.

“It’s not like that! You see! This guy, this guy…he is more famous than me ----- but he’s always trying to pick a fight with me! ”

[…Tried to pick a fight with you? When?]

“First, our penname is very similar.”

Izumi Masamune. Senjyu Muramasa.

[…Now you said it, they are indeed similar.]

“Right? Next, our writing syle is almost the same.”

[Both are in the fighting genre with a bit of comedy…yes, similar.]

Even the atmosphere in our novel, the nickname of our character were similar.

He wrote in the same genre as me, but Muramasa-sensei never appeared in any award events, thus I never meet him before…in short, he’s a complete stranger.

When I read his book, I got the feeling ‘this book is like mine, it’ s so good’.

Simply put….it was like I wrote a masterpiece then forgot about it, then I read it again – like that.

“Not to mention his ‘fast writing’ skill level is high too. And he is also ‘a young novelist who is also still going to school’ like me.”

I once heard that ‘among younger authors, the Ace is Muramasa-sensei’.

“Look? He’s obviously trying to pick a fight with me!”

[Not really…though…or rather….]

“Rather?”

[Swap?]

“….My dear little sister….what did you just say?”

I got the feeling that I was about to step on a huge landmine.

[If I use Pokemon as a reference, he has Garchomp, and you would have Scizor, do you get it?]

“Please use language that I can understand!”

[I mean that you can’t beat Muramasa-sensei, that’s all.]

“Thank you very much for the super-easy-to-understand reference! Aaagrhhhhhhh! That’s enough!”

I blocked my ears and began rolling on the floor, screaming.

“Everyone said that too! When I sold my book they said that I copied Muramasa-sensei, that I’m only a wannabe! That’s why I don’t dare Google myself on the Internet! If this was Final Fantasy, Masamune should be stronger!!!!”

The regrets from before all came back, and made me lose all strength.

Seeing me like that, Sagiri only said:

[….Quiet. Nii-san. I don’t want to see you like that. Shut up.]

“……….”

I shut up.

[…Although it’s still a long time until the novel gets published …*cough cough*]

She coughed a few times and changed her tone:

[We can publish it next year right? Let’s consider it our first step . Congratulations, Izumi-sensei.]

“Eromanga-sensei.”

I’m so moved. Tears almost began to flow down my cheeks. But …

I slowly turned back:

"Regrettably, we can’t wait until next year."

[Could it be…we’re out of money?]

Sagiri reverted to her usual tone.

[If that’s the case, Nii-san. Don’t worry.]

Seeing me depressed, Sagiri said in a gentle, motherly tone:

[Let me take care of you.]

“………..”

Wh…what should I say?

Should I be happy because my little sister is worried about me? Or depressed because of how useless I am?

[I am always prepared.]

“…Sagiri.”

Take care of my hikikomori little sister.

She…also thought that too?

[Nii-san, you’re working while still going to school…despite that, we rarely talk to each other.]

Sagiri gave me a heavenly smile:

[It’s fine if you don’t have a job. Let me…let me use my H-illustrations to earn money.]

Little sister using her H-illustrations to earn money for her brother.

I’m so ashamed of myself. I’m happy too, but…..

However ---

“That…Sagiri…I thank you for your concern, but….”

[But?]

“I’m not worried about the money. After our parents left – I promised our aunt.”

Aunt – my father’s little sister.

Our current guardian.

“I told her that I will earn money as a novelist, and use that money to keep living an independent life style.”

[-------------------]

Sagiri’s eyes widened.

Although…I didn’t want to tell her this one bit.

This was something that happened a year before, after our parents were gone.

After that, I promised our guardian.

There was more, but in short, this is what I promised:

1. Do not give up on work or study, get some achievements.

2. Think of some way to improve Sagiri's situation.

This is the condition in order for me to keep living like this. The condition for us to live 'as I see fit'. If I fail to follow it, we might have to live 'as our aunt sees fit'.

Right now, I couldn't afford to be separated from Sagiri. Although our aunt tried her best too – she would definitely force Sagiri outside.

I couldn't allow that to happen. Absolutely not.

Thus, starting a year ago, I threw myself into working and studying. Now, I will not allow my situation to revert back to how it was before.

That's why I'm worried.

[…Nii, you made a promise with aunt too.]

"You said 'too'…So you also….?"

[Yes. The condition to continue working as an illustrator.]

I see. Now I remembered. How could a middle school aged girl be allowed to work without an adult?

…Let see…in other words…No, its fine now, I could ask her later.

“Is that so? I’m not planing to ask what you promised…but is everything okay on your side?”

[Yes, no problem.]

“That’s good then --- thus the problem lies on me huh.”

Maintain my current situation as a novelist.

If I was unable to publish a book in a year – I bet that meant that I failed to fulfill the conditions.

[What should we do…?]

“Uhm~”

What would other authors do?

I had managed to keep up my work for a year, yet now my income is back to 0.

[How about switching to another publisher? Could we make it faster?]

Sagiri was the one who raised this idea.

“This…you mean….’job jumping’?"

[Yes. How about it?]

“…I’ve never done that before.”

To tell the truth, I didn’t plan to wait around until I died either. But I had no idea what should I do.

Normally, if I knew someone from another publisher, I could ask them for a meeting with an editor – or use my connections to find a spot somewhere else.

That was all I could think of.

“I don’t know anyone from another publisher…what should I do….”

Knock knock

“Leave it to me!”

At this critical moment, a familiar voice came.

"Wow!?"

[Wah!]

Both Sagiri and I turned in the direction of the voice – the balcony.

There, with her hands folded across her chest was a beautiful girl in lolita clothing, Yamada Elf-sensei.

[~~~~~~~~~]

Scared, Sagiri quickly ran to the bed and hid under a blanket.

Although they had played games together before, she was still afraid of strangers.

I turned to the girl who just sneaked onto my balcony.

“You, how could you….”

I thought she was imprisoned by her editor.

“I’m Yamada Elf! I came back from the dark dungeon!”

Elf boasted.

I could only stare in shock.

“Izumi Masamune…are you that surprised to see me here?”

“You…finished your manuscript?”

“Finished! I want to go home soon, so I wrote it as fast as I could! But my editor still held me under house arrest! I told you to come and rescue me! I even sent e-mails! Why didn’t you come?”

“Why….? Because I want to read your next book too.”

“The princess was waiting for the prince to come and save her! Don’t you want a kiss from the princess?”

“Nope! Who’s the princess? Ah, congratulations for your manuscript.”

“Thank you – my butt! Ah really! Fine, let’s get back to the topic !”

Elf thrust her finger at my face:

“Masamune, Eromanga-sensei – looks like you two need my help!”

“What?”

“Kuh…what a slow response! With the help from the super beautiful genius novelist Yamada Elf, sending your manuscript to an editor is a piece of cake!”

“Really, Your Highness?”

I immediately knelt down in front of Elf and took her hand.

Maybe she was still angry, her face was a bit red.

“Yes…yes…although I could only promise you a chance…”

“That’s enough Your Highness! Thank you! Thank you very much…!”

I was so happy that tears began to flow.

“Your Highness, today you look even more beautiful than usual ! You’re shining!”

“Hey, enough of your flattery. Don’t call me your highness anymore. It’s true that I started that, but hearing you say it only makes me feel gross.”

You really are too much – but I will forgive you this time.

I really need to thank Elf for this suggestion.

Now, I had a way for the two of us, brother and sister to live together.

She could ask me to thank her anyway she wanted, I wouldn’t mind.

“Say…Elf-sama. In return, between my body and my heart, which do you prefer?”

“Stop it, that’s gross!”

Elf threw my hand away.

"………….."

Looks like I can’t copy this move from Megumi.

Suddenly, for some reason, Sagiri……..

[Hmph hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh----! Hmppppppppppppppppph------------------------------!"

Still hiding under the blanket, she began to hit the mattress.

"…Sa, Sagiri? Is something wrong?"

[You still need to ask? Idiot! Don't you see what you already have?!]

No matter how good I am at decoding her 'slamming the mattress' language, I wasn't able to figure out why she was angry.

The next day, after school.

Elf and I walked side by side towards the publisher in Iidabashi.

It's not like I don't want to go to Elf's Fulldrive's publisher – but I needed to go to my publisher first.

Yesterday, after Elf had made some calls, she gave me the phone.

[I understand your situation. However, before sending your manuscript, please meet with your current editor again.]

There was nothing else I could do after hearing that.

Well, I'm about to switch to another publisher, it's normal that I should at least inform Kagurazaka-san.

Yup, totally understandable.

Since I need to publish as soon as possible, I'm on my way to meet my editor.

"…Although going alone would be enough, why are you here?"

Your clothes are too eye-catching.

By the way, today Elf wore red lolita clothes unlike usual. I wondered if she had any hidden motive.

Elf walked beside me and said:

"I followed because I'm worried about you."

"Worried, why? I'm only going to meet my editor."

"I don't think the situation would be that simple – well, at least that's what my elder brother said."

"What? Your elder brother? Who?"

"You talked with him yesterday. He's my current editor."

"What? The one with a soulless voice is your elder brother?"

"Yup."

"For real? How could a coincidence like this happen? For an elder brother and little sister to work together…."

"It's nothing special. And you have no right to tell me that."

Hmmm….

Maybe it’s not a coincidence. Because Elf’s brother works at Fulldrive, and Elf came to work there.

Since she lived such a carefree life, I always wondered what kind of parents she had. And her brother sounded nice too... how could his little sister have turned out that this way?

Anyway – although I still have doubts about Elf’s family, I kept my mouth shut. It’s a sensitive topic, and I don’t want anyone to ask about mine either.

But she…she just kept talking non-stop about whatever she liked.

“As long as I’m here to back you up, you’ll be fine. Hurry and thank me.”

“Of course, thank you very much.”

I felt so relieved when I knew that someone worried about me.

“Is that so…good! Ah, um…if we could finish this quickly, can we stop at a café? I want a cake! You have to find somewhere that’ s suited to my taste..Ah, look, there’s one right in front of us! What a coincidence! Ah --- do you think this is like a date? Do you feel honored? Haha, it can’t be helped huh ~ you’re still a growing teen ! It’s understandable that you would think about random stuff! Although it’s totally not a date, but I will allow your self-delusion. ”

Elf looked quite happy.

To kill time, we visited that café restaurant.

They were broadcasting classical music inside. The furniture looked expensive, which prevented Elf's clothes from standing out . The menu was all written in English, with a painful price.

Let me pay for it. How could I let a girl smaller than my little sister pay?.

I planned to say that, but…

"…You, did you say that you would treat me?" I asked.

"…….Nope."

"A punishment for lacking money! I can't read the menu anyway, you order whatever you like."

"Ha? What kind of novelist are you? You dare treat my kindness this way – by the way, I'm proficient in eight languages."

"For real? That good?" I asked.

Since she has blond hair and blue eyes, it's normal that she would be good at English. But I never thought she'd be that good.

…Is this the same girl who failed an elementary school mathematics question?

"…Are you some kind of high level, 'high class lady'?"

“Aha? Why, are you curious? Ehehe.”

Elf put a hand on her mouth and laughed.

This action, and this temperament, isn’t something that can be trained overnight.

She raised one of her white fingers, closed an eye and said:

“…It’s a girl’s secret. If you wish to know no matter what..ehehe , then improve your relationship with me.”

“I still have no idea what I should do about that.”

“What did you say?”

A few minutes later --

When the cake arrived, we were chatting (mostly Elf though)

Suddenly, Elf said a forbidden name:

“Fantasy Blade Blueray season 2 – I wonder how many it will sell?”

Fantasy Blade is the shortened, unofficial name of Senjyu Muramasa ‘Fantasy Demon Blade Legend’.

Elf continued “By the way, in my opinion, it couldn’t sell as well as season one. Not to mention that the author looks like he's still not used to --- “

I spoke in an impatient tone:

“You had to start with sales huh?”

And about a novel from another novelist.

“You must like them a lot.”

“Huh? You mean you’re not interested?”

“Nope.”

“Don’t you think its fun to compare your sales with other novelists?”

“Nope.”

I repeated my answer earlier.

It’s meaningless to compare with that guy.

From the beginning, I had no interest in comparing sales, or anything else.

“I think it’s more interesting to read your reader’s letters.”

“Is that so? It’s rare. But I think that comparing sales has its own charm.”

She once more declared herself the perfect representation of a novelist.

"During my anime's script meeting, the producers always said ' This season looks promising', 'Good! We welcome this novel! The sales will be good!' or 'That anime sucks, like it was made by a bunch of newbies or something'."

"Can you please not bother me with those inside stories?"

"What are you angry for? Ah, could it be that you're the ' embarrassed with his own sales' type? Um, I could understand why – it's no fun if you keep losing while playing the most interesting game in the world."

"Work is play" – as expected from Elf.

A novelist had many other interesting and important aspects to their job.

Maybe it's not like she didn't understand.

Then why did she keep talking about the things I hate?

Still…it's my new hobby to tease her.

"In that case, you are the 'tsundere with her readers' type, aren' t you?"

"Wh, what does that mean?"

I showed her an evil smile and mimicked her tone:

"Don't be mistaken. I'm only interested in sales and praise. Readers and the like are all my servants."

Elf immediately blushed.

“Don’t, don’t say something so strange! Tsun – tsundere…! How could I be that type! Just because I’m a professional novelist, I need to keep a proper distance with my readers! It’s not like I don’t like my readers or anything! Don’t be mistaken!”

What a wonderful play….

“Okay okay. We now knew how cute Yamada Elf-sensei is.”

“What! Cu..cute…”

Elf suddenly shuttered, her face reddened.

“Just, just remember….”

I tapped the table, and said:

“By the way, Yamada Elf-sensei, what do you think about the fact that your sales aren’t as good as someone else’s?”

To tell the truth, it wasn’t very nice of me to ask that question.

I thought that she would show some response, but Elf replied boringly:

“Hm…it’s meaningless to compare with that guy.”

“What do you mean?”

"I mean that we shouldn't compare ourselves with him…He…how should I put it…it's quite hard to put it into words…anyway, I bet that he doesn't have fun while working, like us. That's the feeling I get."

"I'm not sure if I understand what you mean…but you sounded like you've met Muramasa-sensei."

"I haven't, but I have read his books."

Elf put a hand on one of her eyes, then opened it like scissors, and said:

" – My God Eye skill can see through everything in this world. I could understand what kind of person he is just from reading his book."

"………"

Although the skill that Elf spoke of just now is nonsense, I felt that there was a bit of truth in her words.

"For example...Masamune, if your sales were lower than mine, and the readers said that Elf-sensei's novel is better than yours…"

"What kind of miserable example is that?"

I immediately retorted before she could finish. It already pissed me off just thinking about it.

"Um ~ and then?"

"…You're upset…you refuse to accept it…you can't keep writing until you fix it….probably….."

What the heck are you talking about? I could do nothing but stare back ---

Elf leaned over and gave me a beaming smile:

"So I said, I like you!"

"…………..'"

…………………

Both Elf and I blinked.

Our faces were so close that our noses almost touched each other. We needed several seconds before we could reply.

"Ack!"

Elf flushed. Even her neck turned red.

She quickly backed off and waved her hand:

"I, I didn't mean it that way!"

"Yeah yeah…."

"Just now…I mean…I find the rejection that comes from the bottom of one's heart very interesting!"

Elf clapped her hands and laughed it off:

"Ah ~ you must be very angry ~ probably gritting your teeth, right? Just thinking about it makes me want to laugh non-stop!"

Her personality is so good.

Hearing her speak so honestly made me happy.

"But Muramasa is – unlike us! Totally unlike us! Franky speaking, that guy doesn't care if his sales are high or not, his anime is famous or not. He won't bat an eyelid even if you boast to his face – it's meaningless to compare yourself with someone that boring."

Whatever you do, don't compare yourself with him – that was Elf's conclusion.

She says that about someone she has never even met, so brave.

"By the way, my editor said that – Muramasa-sensei is different from us, or rather he doesn't care about this world. And he never loses his cool, like an immortal god, and no one has ever seen him angry."

It doesn't differ too much from the image that Elf spoke of.

Senjyu Muramasa.

Someone who is younger than me, someone who has monster-like sales.

Three years ago, he gave me a mental scar, thus he became Izumi Masamune’s nemesis.

…What exactly is he like?

Well, it’s meaningless to think about it.

We’ve never met in three years, so I bet we wouldn’t meet in our lifetime.

“Okay, let’s go.”

It was almost time to meet Kagurazaka-san, thus we left the café and continued our way.

“After you spoke with your editor, if everything goes well, you will become a member of Fulldrive like me.”

Actually, authors like us don’t really have a close connection with our publisher. It’s just our habit to always go to the same one.

But Elf probably considered all of the editorial departments hers already.

“In that case, make sure to join my faction. Be sure to listen to your senior, okay?”

“I’m scared of what will happened if the great Elf-senpai causes trouble, so allow me to pass.”

When we were chatting, we arrived at the publisher.

There, we saw something unbelievable.

“Wow…look.”

Both Elf and I noticed.

There was a girl in a kimono at the entrance. She had a bag in one hand, a map in the other. Sometimes she looked up and stared at the building in front.

“Wow, what eye-catching clothes.”

“You have no right to say that – what did this girl come here for ?”

Before I could finish, Elf was already walking up to her.

“Hey, are you coming here too?”

“!”

The girl suddenly froze. Maybe she was surprised because someone spoke to her from behind so suddenly. And…

Thud thud thud The bag fell on the ground.

“..Ah.”

The girl in the kimono hastily bent down and picked her stuff up.

“Er…sorry.”

“What are you doing?”

I arrived a moment later, and we both helped her pick her things up.

“Hm? This is…”

There were a lot of notebooks in her bag. Big, small, thick, slim, you name it.

Aside from that, there was a stack of paper, like a reference of some sort.

..What is that?

When I was picking them up, I realized something.

All of those paper were full of letters.

Those notebooks were probably the same too.

Those…those notebook – all of them are hand-written manuscripts.

“…You’re…a novelist?”

Elf asked.

“!”

The girl in the kimono quickly took the manuscript back and held it to her chest.

Then ---

“------------------“

Her eyes widened, she stared at us.

That gave me a chance to look at her face.

A pair of big, sharp eyes.

And those eyes were focused on ‘me’.

“………………..”

She just stared at me without saying anything.

…Eh…what? It’s our first meeting, isn’t it? Why is she looking at me like that? Did Elf scare her?

Elf repeated her question:

“…Is something wrong? Are you a novelist?”

“…………”

“Hey! Don’t stare at him anymore!”

I chopped Elf’s head.

“Don’t suddenly raise your voice. Look, you scared her – sorry about that.”

I gave her an assuring smile, like I was facing my little sister.

Only then did she seem to recover. She quickly shook her head, blushing slightly.

"…I'm fine. What a shame. Thank you for helping me pick them up."

A very stern and firm voice.

She looked younger than me…could it be that she is actually older?

"We are the ones who should apologize ---"

Before I could continue….

"Ahahaha ~ I got it! You're a newbie who came her to contribute your new book aren't you? A map and manuscript in each hand, what else could you be."

Elf interrupted.

Actually, I agreed with her.

Novelists who contribute hand-written manuscripts are all but extinct now. Since she doesn't seem to understand that, this girl is undoubtedly a newbie.

"You must have come here from the countryside without an appointment in hopes of getting an editor to read your book! That must be it! Sometimes I meet newbies like you! Listen to me, publishers don't care who the author is. I bet they will kick you out immediately if you go in alone."

That is the truth.

Becoming a novelist doesn't require anything special, anyone could do it. Frankly speaking, even an elementary school kid could become one.

But if you want to get a job, then you need 'writing skills', ' connections' and 'communication skills'.

You prove your 'real skill' by showing a completed manuscript. By showing an anime that is based on your book. By showing an award that you received. By showing your story on the Internet – something like that.

Without that, you can't even dream of getting a job. And even if you got one, you could still be like me, and get 'published a year later'.

So, even though it's regrettable, but the girl's chance is nearly 0.

When I was thinking these things, Elf continued:

"But you're lucky to have met me. Let me show you around."

"Hey, hey, listen…."

Why do you sound like you're the boss? You don't even have any connections with this publisher.

Beside, we are here to talk about my ‘jumping to another publisher’.

Hearing Elf say that, the girl in the kimono looked at the building, then to us.

“You two are…novelists?”

“Yup ~”

Elf puffed out her chest.

“So…did you…publish your book..here?”

“I publish my books at another publisher! Do you know Yamada Elf-sensei? Of course you do!”

I think you should knock it off.

Of course I know! The genius novelist --- ah, could it be…!

Hm hm, it’s me!

You wanted to show off like that, didn’t you?

The girl in the kimono stayed silent for a while then slowly shook her head.

“I don’t know.”

“….Eh?”

I wanted nothing more than to record Elf's current expression.

"Just now…just now…what did you say?"

She tried to hang on to a slim hope, but all she got in return was ---

"I don't know anyone by that name."

"----------"

Elf looked deeply shaken.

"Pfffff!"

I broke into laughter and patted Elf's back:

"She said she doesn't know you! Looks like a certain best selling author lost all of her pride, ahahaha!"

"Kuh…shut up! Quiet!"

Elf glared at me.

Then she turned to the girl in the kimono, and made a cool pose to introduce herself:

"I'm the beautiful super famous genius novelist, Yamada Elf! Remember me well!"

"…………..''

The other girl didn’t respond.

“Kuhhhhhh…what a slow reaction.”

Do you think that the whole world knows about you?

Imagination is nice, but reality is always cruel.

“No matter how famous you are, she doesn’t know – so don’t worry about it.”

The girl in the kimono nodded without saying anything.

Elf pulled her face closer to the girl’s:

“Not reading my book is a waste of heaven’s blessing! It’s about to be made into an anime, with a super super super super perfect plot, you have to watch it! Watch it! Then praise my name!”

“If it’s that good then I want to read it too. Can you tell me the name of that novel?”

“The Flames of Dark Elf! How is that? Cool isn’t it?”

Elf said happily.

“…..”

The other girl only titled her head…and suddenly clapped.

“I have that book too!”

"That means you did read it! How could you not know me?"

"Because…."

"Because of what? Answer!"

"Okay fine fine, let's keep moving."

I interrupted in order to protect a (future) novelist from Elf-sensei.

"Hmmm."

Elf folded her arms across her chest.

While the kimono-wearing girl looked down ---

"Because…."

She whispered something.

"--------------------"

My throat froze up.

Her voice was very small, normally no one would be able to hear.

But I'm used to the way my little sister talks, so this much is nothing.

Just now…I probably heard it wrong…right?

At the same time, Elf slapped her forehead and made a conclusion:

"Forget it! No matter how good a novel is, there are always people who read without caring about the author! Then let me tell you about my greatness! Let's go."

Elf recovered and pulled us to the entrance's door.

Thus, after some chaos, we pulled the girl in the kimono inside.

After picking up our card, we entered the elevator.

Our next stop is the 14th floor, where the editorial department is.

By the way, Elf kept bragging herself up to the girl in the kimono.

She was talking about how her sales were more than two million, how her novel is going to be made into anime, that she is like an idol…

"Do you get it? Sales are the attack power of novelist! Mine is 2.3 million! Amazing? Amazing isn't it? Do you understand my greatness now?"

To tell the truth, Elf is clearly looking down on the girl.

"Alright alright, you're troubling her."

“Shut up, 220,000 attack power! My sales are 2 million, you have to listen to everything I say, understand? That’s the truth when there is more than a million sales between us, got it!? Ok?”

“…………..”

Can someone please shut her up…?

I smiled wryly at the girl in the kimono.

“Sorry, normally she isn't like this…today she is just a bit off.”

The girl shook her head.

“I heard something interesting.”

“…?”

What is this girl saying?

At first I thought she was a mature girl, now it seemed like I was wrong.

Since the beginning, this girl wasn’t paying any attention to Elf’ s ramble. She looked like she was thinking about something else. Even when I talked to her, I only got a response every one in three tries.

“……….”

When I got inspired, I couldn't hear what others said either, so I didn't really have the right to get on to her.

Even I once ignored my little sister because of the same reason. This bad habit of mine is incurable.

So this girl, who's probably just a newbie author – she must be deep in thought. Just like me.

A strange feeling of intimacy between the two of us appeared.

At that moment, Elf jumped in:

"Wow…what are you two doing, staring at each other like that? You like that kind of girl? Really, man…."

Tap tap tap tap tap! Elf kept smashing the buttonson her cellphone while badmouthing me.

"What are you doing?"

I looked at Elf and read what was she writing ---

[Masamune is about to take advantages of a newbie author.]

I knocked on her head.

"That hurt! What are you doing?"

"Don't make stuff up! What are you writing?"

[I’m on a date with Izumi Masamune-sensei.]

“You idiot! What will you do if Sagiri sees this and has a misunderstanding?”

“She rejected you already, didn’t she? What’s the problem?”

“A very serious problem, in fact! I want to keep my image as her elder brother intact!”

“It’s fine. You’re incurable anyway.”

“No, it’s not!”

By the way ---

I didn’t plan to let the girl in the kimono introduce herself.

She looked afraid, not to mention that I hadn’t introduced myself.

Based on Elf’s previous result, I could see what would happened if I introduced myself.

If she said ‘Izumi Masamune? Who’s that?’ – ah, it hurts so much.

Besides ---

When Elf asked her the question ‘How could you not know me’, the answer that she whispered…

With a very sad, quiet voice ---

--- Because it’s boring.

I secretly glanced at her.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting ~”

At this time, my editor, Kagurazaka-san arrived.

“I read your email, you said you planned to go to another publisher, didn’t you? Ah, no no no no no, don’t do that! The outline you submitted last time was really good! The future looks great! We have been working together for so long!”

As expected from the Reaper. She planed to finish me off before I could say anything.

"…………"

I could only stood there, stunned.

Next to me, Elf’s eyes also widened.

Kagurazaka-san came to my side, and laughed:

“Sorry, I still have to meet some other famous novelist. So ---“

“I, I …I want to keep working here too!”

My words, which were born from the bottom of my heart came out.

"But…! I...! Don't hinder me!"

"Eh? Did anyone try to hinder you?"

"Yes! You did! I'm jobless now!"

"No you aren't ~ I told you that we will publish your book a year from now."

"Ugh…..a year from now is not good enough! I told you that in the e-mail!"

Suddenly, someone interrupted:

"Okay okay okay, that's enough! Done yet?"

It was Elf.

"I followed you because I knew that it would turn out this way. Masamune, let me take care of it."

Later, I realized that these simple sentences came at a really bad time.

"---"

If she didn't mention my name….then 'what happened next' wouldn't have happened.

There was someone else with us, someone who was still standing aside without saying anything, without drawing any attention. Someone that even I forgot.

“Eh? Yamada-sensei, you’re here too?”

Elf ignored Kagurazaka-san’s sarcasm and turned to me:

“Okay? Masamune, it looks like this old hag’s sense of time isn't the same as us teenagers. People say that the older you become, the shorter life seems to you. So a year is just a blink of eye for this old hag, unlike a year for us. That’s why they could tell you to wait a year. In short – just ditch her. If you come with me, you will have a beautiful, kind, younger senior writer in the company. Your novels would be published as soon as you finish them. You will have a helpful co-worker that could help you negotiate deadlines, help you buy anime bluerays with a discount, and you might even get a younger girlfriend.”

Sounded a lot like some suspicious advertisement.

“…That ‘younger senior’ part interested me.”

Hm….calling you Elf-senpai huh…

"At this publisher, I’m the youngest, so all of my seniors and juniors are older than me. To have a ‘younger senior’ is like a dream.”

“Oh right, my side has a lot of work too – but some are still asking for more. It’s more complicated than it sounds.”

Really? The world really isn’t a fair place.

“Anyway, what I want to say is: No matter what your choice is, your other option is not going to disappear. The most important thing for you is – you do remember your dream, don’t you?”

Elf smiled gently.

…Yes. That’s right.

What I wanted to do. What I have to do.

What my dream is.

I only need to clearly tell my editor about that ---

Isn’t that why I’m here?

“Kagurazaka-san.”

“Hm? Yes?”

“I have to publish the novel this year no matter what.”

That’s why …

“ -- I hope you can give me a serious answer.”

I bowed sincerely.

I know what I said wasn’t really well thought out, but I hoped that I could depend on it to help me have a serious discussion with an adult.

"Izumi-sensei. Let me finish what I was saying first. Don't treat me like a bad guy."

"Eh?"

"Yesterday, after I read your e-mail, I also tried to think of some way to help you. Finally –"

Eh? Why did the atmosphere suddenly change?

"And?"

"Ahaha, you're free to thank me! I have a special opportunity for you."

Kagurazaka-san laughed like she was giving me a blessing and she showed me something.

"Take a look~! The editorial department has decided to hold the 'World Light Novel Tournament' [13]."

There was a big stack of paper.

"World Light Novel Tournament?" *2

Both Elf and I repeated it. Kagurazaka-san laughed:

"Yes! In order to give young authors a chance, we plan to publish some short stories in a magazine. Then the readers will vote to decide which one will be published as a light novel!"

"How is that, Izumi-sensei? Want to give it a try?"

Kagurazaka-san gave me the stack of papers.

The content was ---

World Light Novel Tournament rules

1. Conditions to enter: Have debuted only within the last two years. Do not have any novel that has been made into an anime.

2. Number of competitors: 5

3. The short story will be published in the monthly Jump light novel from July to October.

4. Published story: short story (less than 60 pages)

5. Payment: ¥2.500 per page (400 words minimum)

6. Selection Method: A reader's poll will decide the winner. The results will be announced immediately on the website.

7. Editor's reminder: Because we are short on time, please hurry and choose a competitor.

8. The winner can be modified into a novel and published in September.

That's what the first page said. Followed by five empty lines to write your name.

There were already three young novelist names (which I knew) written there.

Meaning that there were two slots left – besides…

“It said… The winner can be modified into a novel and get published in September!”

“Yes. Three months after getting the results, we can publish it in September. Of course your royalties are the same. Actually, since this is meant for newbies, Izumi-sensei isn’t allowed to enter – But I asked for a special favor in your case!”

The way she said it sounded like I owed her big time for this, but I didn’t care.

“In short, I need to participate in this and win…”

“Yes. Then you can ‘get an achievement as a novelist’ like you said.”

I might not be able to convince my aunt with royalties alone ---

But if I can get an achievement….

“…Okay!”

My soul was fired up, I wrote my name down without hesitation.

Okay! That's good enough..! As long as I win here…I could continue living with Sagiri, continue working with Eromanga-sensei.

Kagurazaka-san took the paper that had my name on it.

"Good. Izumi Masamune-sensei has decided to take part in World Light Novel Tournament! Try your best!"

"Thank you…thank you, Kagurazaka-san!"

I held my editor's hand tightly.

By the way, Elf chose this moment to shoot me a glance:

"It's too early to celebrate! You still have four opponents, at least wait until you beat them."

"Who cares! I'm not afraid of anything."

I knew that I could do it.

"Because this is 'the first step of our dream'."

This was something both Eromanga-Sensei and I made, I have a lot of confidence in it.

"I will win! Absolutely!"

"No, you won't."

A sharp voice cut me off.

" ------------!?"

Elf, Kagurazaka-san, and I turned to the speaker

That was ---

“Izumi Masamune-kun. Your dream will never become reality – no, I will not allow it to become reality.”

The girl in the kimono glanced at me seriously.

Since she had a refined, beautiful look, I was taken aback.

“You ---“

"-----------"

She raised a hand to stop Kagurazaka-san from talking, and took the stack of papers from Kagurazaka-san’s hand.

“Why, you ask?”

She coldly said:

“Because I will participate in this too --- I will be the winner.”

Only now, I realized…

She…she is not a newbie who wants to become a novelist.

“You…who are you!”

Hearing my question, she just briefly looked at me and wrote her name down as the answer.

With a dazzling speed, she wrote.

Four big words: Senjyu Muramasa.

“Your childish dream is in the way of my dream. So I’ll crush you!”

"-----------------------"

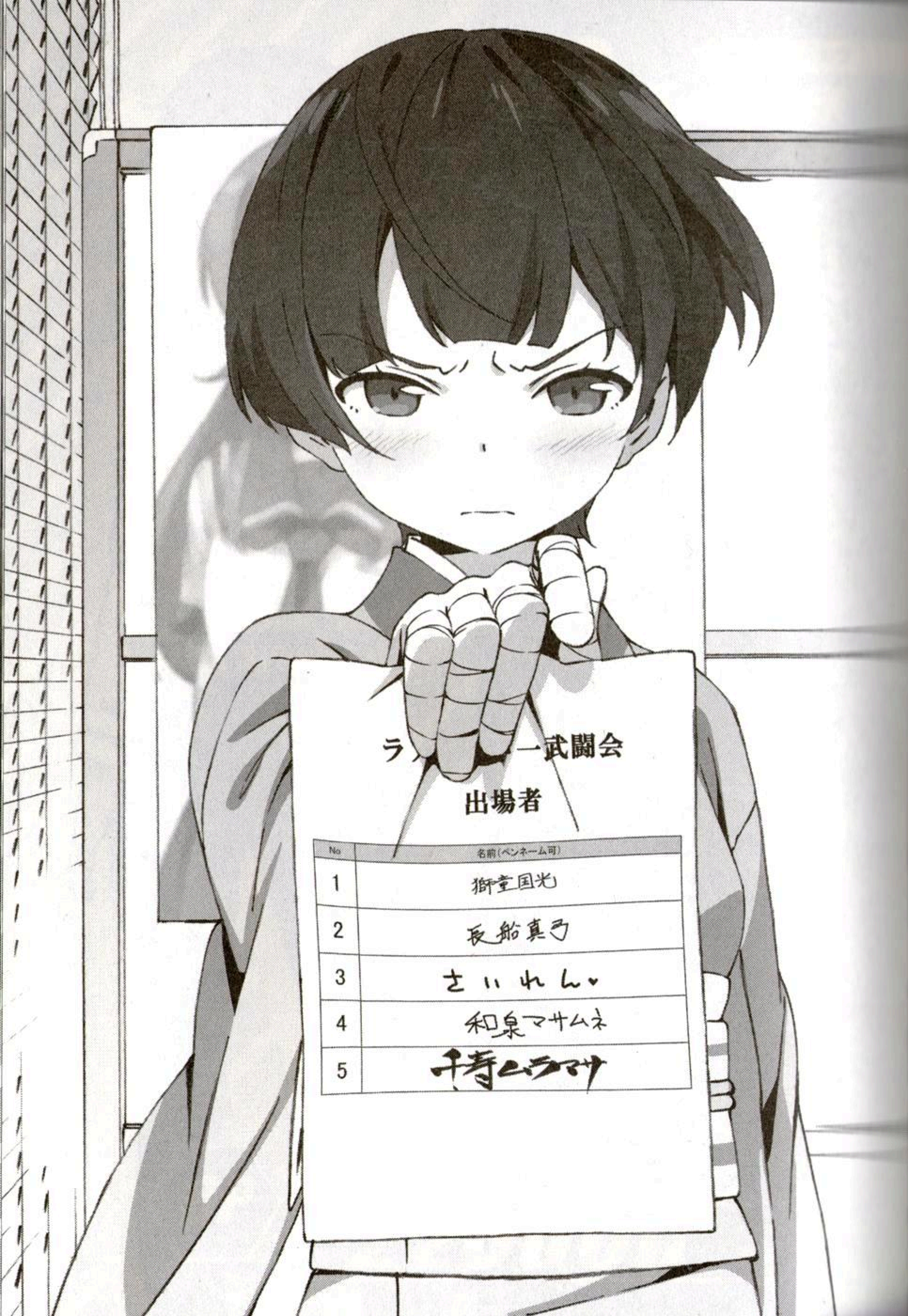
Although I was very angry, I couldn’t say anything.

The reason that I hardly got any thing published.

The one who gave me a mental scar three years ago, Izumi Masamune’s nemesis.

"Senjyu Muramasa…."

“It’s not nice calling me by name, senior.”



ラ　一武闘会

出場者

No	名前（ペンネーム可）
1	獅童国光
2	長船真弓
3	さいれん♥
4	和泉マサムネ
5	千寿ムラマサ

Muramasa’s mouth turned into a へ shape, as she introduced herself:

“Call me Muramasa-senpai.”

Chapter 4

第四章

A few hours later. The sun had set, and it was dark outside. Both Elf and I were lying in the Izumi household's living room, exhausted. I sat on the sofa while Elf dropped her head onto the table.

“……………….”

“……………….”

We had been like this since we came back. Neither of us said anything, we looked like two corpses. Considered what happened earlier ---

When the girl in the kimono announced her real identify.

Back then, Muramasa had pushed Elf a bit too much, she retorted back in reflex:

"Ha? What are you doing? What nonsense are you spouting? You called yourself a younger senior? Get lost!"

Although I don’t know where the 'younger senior' part came from, but Elf as expected still managed to counterattack, even in this state.

While I…maybe because of my mental scars --- I was so scared of Muramasa-senpai …

Anyway, I wasn’t able to do anything while Elf could. Thus ---

"Yamada Elf-sensei -- isn't it? That’s my line, get lost."

Muramasa-senpai ignored me and began to argue with Elf.

"This is a private matter between Masamune-kun and I."

"Ha? What are you talking about?"

"You're a famous author with two millions sales, your book is about to be made into anime, right?"

That was what Elf said earlier. Neither of them were wrong.

"Yes! Kneel and lick my boot!"

Elf puffed her chest out and said.

"……..Mwu."

Muramasa-senpai fell silent. But then she turned to Kagurazaka-san:

"You're my editor, aren't you? Your name is ---"

"Kagurazaka, Muramasa-sensei…I knew it, you forgot my name …"

Kagurazaka-san replied. Muramasa-senpai seemed embarrassed:

"…Yes."

"We rarely meet, and our last meeting was a while ago, so that can't be helped. You don’t need to worry about me, just focus on your situation. I'm the editor for both of you, so I'd prefer if you two solved this yourself. Not to mention that even if I tried, you two wouldn’t stop."

"That's right."

Kagurazaka-san said that 'she need to meet a famous author later'. So she meant Muramasa.

Wait…this girl…

…She didn’t even remember her own editor's name?

So how the heck did she manage to work before? Unbelievable.

"Before that…Kagurazaka-san, please tell me how well my book is selling?"

"…You, yourself don’t know, right?"

"………."

Bull's eyes. Muramasa-senpai's face reddened.

But…she doesn’t even know how well her book sold? What about her income? Does she even care?

That senior of mine surely hadn’t reached puberty yet, her income must be being taken care of by her guardian.

Still…she really didn’t know?

"An author that doesn’t know her own sales….you remind me of someone who doesn’t dare to look at comments regarding him. Really, in this aspect you two are so troublesome."

Elf muttered to herself.

Why was I pulled into this anyway?

We were talking about something else, so why did she need to throw a low ball at me?

"Muramasa-sensei's sales are ---"

Kagurazaka-san slowly answered:

"Fourteen million five hundred thousand."

Hearing that, Muramasa-senpai was surprised:

"….Oh…A hundred thousand, five hundred?"

"Four more zeroes behind that."

Muramasa-senpai was stunned, then she began to count on her fingers.

"That is…impossible…my monthly allowance is only ¥4.500…."

Unlike the Yamada household, her parents must be very strict.

My family was the same, my income was taken care of by my parents.

"What are you doing? Performing a finger show?"

Elf said in a tired, boring tone, which shocked Muramasa back to reality.

"Yes. That means -- Yamada-sensei, I will say it again. Get lost."

She coughed twice:

"Since I sold more than ten million, you have to listen to whatever I say! We have more than a million difference in sales, that's a fact – you're the one who said it."

Looks like that was the reason she asked for her sales.

And the reason she was surprised was because while she knew ' my sales should be higher than Elf's, I'm not entirely sure'. Which explained her reaction.

The truth is she curb-stomped her opponent.

"…Kuhhhhhhhh!! Kuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!"

Elf gritted her teeth in anger.

But she didn't say anything, she just stood there.

"Good, the troublemaker was taken care of. Back to the main topic, Masamune-kun."

"----------------"

She turned to me, all hesitation and panic gone from her eyes.

That was fine with me. I also didn’t want to beat around the bush with her.

My senior said:

"You seem to be angry, junior."

"Because senpai insulted *our dream* and you said you wanted to crush it."

"Ah. And?"

How could I endure this anymore?

"Take that back. Otherwise, even if you are my senior, I won't forgive you."

I looked directly at her. Suddenly, her expression changed, she smiled:

"Don’t repeat a line from one of your main characters. Hm, but what you said sounded good, then I will continue playing the bad guy, to taunt you -- the last time, your novel outline was pushed back a year was because I purposely stole that spot."

" --- What?"

So you purposely submitted your manuscript earlier than me to take that spot? To force me to wait a year until my turn?

So you’re the one who caused all this trouble.

"I also knew about what you were writing by asking your editor . It was quite easy to take your spot."

Muramasa-senpai slowly announced:

"I did it with malice, in order to crush you."

"Hey, Muramasa-sensei!!!"

Kagurazaka-san was about to say something, but Muramasa-senpai stopped her with a stare.

She put her index finger to her lips and made a 'quiet' signal.

"You purposely crushed my novel outline? Could it be that last year…?”

"Last year? What?"

"Last year, the timing between when we submitted manuscripts were almost the same. Same genre, same young author…thus my book was rejected non-stop, and it made me unable to publish a single one. Did you do that on purpose too?"

“-----------------------------------“

Muramasa-senpai's eyes widened

She looked like she didn’t expect me to ask that.

The atmosphere between us was unbearable.

After a moment of silence, she…took a deep breath and answered:

"What if I say yes?"

"Then, I will hate you."

“……..”

Muramasa-senpai looked aside, which made it impossible to see her expression.

"…By the way, I knew when you were arriving today too. That's why I choose a later time to meet you."

To crush my dream. Just telling me that was enough for her to come here.

I still can't understand her.

"Why do you keep trying to pick a fight with me?"

She never cared about anyone. She never gets angry. She never shows any interest in anything. Just like a saint - isn't that right?

Hearing my question, Muramasa-senpai glared at me:

"Because I hate you. Izumi Masamune - I hate the one who keep holding onto that childish dream. This time, your dream was in the way of my dream, I hate you even more for writing that kind of useless novel."

So she wanted to crush me.

Muramasa-senpai once again announced her goal.

…Ah…is that so…I see.

Although the reasons for my hard times in the past were revealed a bit late…they were still revealed…

Because she is my nemesis, not rival but nemesis, who wants nothing more than to crush her opponent.

"….Do you want to add a condition that the loser has to obey the winner?"

I shot her a glance:

"Whoever wins*The World light novel tournament* can order the loser to do anything."

"Hey hey, wait Masamune…."

Elf grabbed my hand in worry, but I didn’t care.

"Otherwise, we won't be able to end this. I will say it before hand, I will not give up my dream just because of a loss. No matter how many times you beat me, I will fulfill my dream."

On the other hand, Masamune was the same. She won't let me off just because I win.

"So let's have a showdown. I win, you will never stand in the way of our dream again. I lose…you can do whatever you want to me."

"That was better than I expected…don't regret it."

Muramasa was surprised, but she agreed.

Oh? Really? I'm going to win for sure, this guy really wants to make a bet like that?

That must be what she is thinking.

If I have to use Yamada Elf-sensei's analogy….

Battle point 14.500.000 versus battle point 220.000.

I had absolutely no chance of winning - normally anyway.

That was understandable. You guys had no idea how scared I was.

"Yes! Our dream is not childish! We won't lose to you!"

I shouted:

"Fight till death Muramasa! I will make you kneel in front of our dream!"

--- That was basically it.

Then we took the train back in silence. Neither of us wanted to report to Eromanga-sensei, both of us were too exhausted and collapsed in the living room.

Falling head first onto the table, Elf said tiredly.

"….Sorry, Masamune. You made that ridiculous bet because of me."

"How is that your fault?"

"Because…you can't stand the sight of Masamune looking down on me…so you got angry and made that bet, didn’t you? Let me see…maybe there is another way…"

"Ha? What nonsense are you saying? It's not like that."

Elf looked up startled:

"Eh? Not like that?"

"Of course not. What are you saying?"

"Then, then why…."

"Why do I look like this? Well, to tell the truth, I'm not sure myself."

I fell back on the sofa.

"I'm not regretting making that bet with her. Like you said, maybe there was another way. But even if I had a time machine and returned to that moment, my choice still would have been the same.

Because she dared to say that our dream was childish.

You can’t decide that on your own without reading what I wrote.

This is unforgivable.

Still ---

"Although I didn’t regret it, I felt ashamed."

"What do you mean?"

"I myself bet *our dream* -- alone. Then here I am, still not regretting it, still not thinking that I did anything wrong…I feel that I owe my partner Eromanga-sensei, who helped me make that novel outline, my little sister who drew my illustrations, an apology…."

That was the reason why I was looking like this.

"I really -- don’t know what to tell my little sister."

Thus when I get back home, I collapsed here instead of going to the second floor.

But….

"What are you doing, idiot? You’ve got it all wrong."

Elf suddenly stood up and said.

The lifeless look that she had a moment ago was completely blown away.

"You always said that you like your little sister yadda yadda, but you don’t understand her at all ---"

"Eh?"

Before I could ask her what she meant, Elf pulled me up.

At the same time ---

Thud thud thud

I heard the ceiling banging that served as a summons.

Elf looked above then patted my back.

"Go. She’s calling you. Go."

I was pushed outside, then my legs automatically carried me to the locked room.

"…It's me, Sagiri."

I knocked slightly….no one answered.

"…Eh?"

But she called me a moment ago….

I waited a bit, but nothing happened. Like she had reverted back to the way Eromanga-sensei was before.

"Sa, Sagiri?"

I raised my hand toward the handle without much hope -- but the door wasn’t locked.

Through the small gap, the room seemed dark, and it was unable to see clearly.

"I'm coming in…."

I hesitated a bit, but I entered the room.

And then ---

"…Ah."

There was something big in the bed.

"Sa, Sagiri? Are you sleeping?"

[…Hmph.]

"Wow."

Her unpleasant voice came from the computer's speaker, not from the blanket…Looked like she carried it with her.

"You aren't sleeping. What’s the meaning of this?"

[Hmph! I don’t care about you anymore! You Casanova!]

"Eh? Ehhhh?"

Wait, what? Why does she sound so angry?

It became clear that I hadn’t spoken to her once since I went out this morning.

[Was your date fun?]

"Ha?"

[…..I'm asking if your date was fun.]

"What?"

[…Tch…compared to a girl who refuses to go outside, going on a date with someone outdoors sure is better. You could even eat cake together.]

"Er….you mean what Elf wrote?"

I’m having a date with Izumi Masamune-sensei!

[………..]

Bull's eye!

"Wait, it's clear that Elf was joking. I told you that I went to meet my editor today! Although we did eat a cake together, it didn’t count as a date!"

[……Hmph!]

"I'm telling the truth! Please believe me!"

Why am I explaining things to my little sister? And why does it sound like I am making an excuse?

[Then why did you take Elf-chan to the living room? What are you planning to do?]

"Hey, how could you know that without leaving this room?"

[Hmph, I could smell it miles away.]

Really? Is this a hikikomori’s special skill?

[And then? Why are you flirting with Elf-chan in the living room?]

“That’s not what I’m doing!”

While I was trying to explain that I didn’t 'go to a date with Elf', nor did I 'flirt’ with her, Sagiri suddenly whispered:

[….Nii-san, you’re not allowed to have a date with a girl for the rest of your life, got it?]

….She suddenly gave me that unreasonable order.

"Why…the rest of my life?"

[Yes. The rest of your life. Because….]

"Because of what?"

[Nothing! Why didn’t you come up immediately! Do you know how worried I was?]

"That's because ---"

I confessed.

"I feel that…I should apologize to you."

[What?]

Hearing that, Sagiri poked her head out.

[What do you mean?]

I stood up and looked into her eyes…then took a deep breath and told her what happened today.

"Actually ---"

A few minutes later ---

" --- That's basically it."

[……..]

Sagiri had come out from under her blanket. Wearing her pink pajamas, she listened to me without saying a word.

Her expression still remained unchanged, but she was probably deep in thought…but that was just my guess.

"…Sorry. I arbitrarily bet our dream."

[Why are you apologizing?]

Sagiri tilted her head.

"Eh? But that wasn’t something that I should decide on my own . Besides, maybe there was a safer way…"

[What other way exactly? Just let her say that? Let her look down on our dream?]

"Of course not."

I replied immediately. This had to be made clear.

[Then it's fine.]

Sagiri - no, Eromanga-sensei smiled.

[Don’t worry about it. You can't win if you only think about losing. Whoever looks down on our dream is our enemy. Let's beat her up.]

"Eromanga-sensei …."

…I'm such an idiot.

Elf was right.

"Nice speech, Eromanga-sensei. Together, we can do anything. Then let's do it!"

Sagiri is my little sister, but Eromanga-sensei is like an elder brother to me.

His real identify is such a cute girl, but his brotherly image is so reliable.

"Let's beat her up together."

[Uhm…heehaw.]

Sagiri nodded and laughed happily.

Then she paused:

[I, I don’t know anyone by that name.]

She put her hand on the floor and looked down.

Seeing her like that…I felt that my heart was about to jump out of my chest.

I have to win. I will protect our dream at any cost.

As long as I have Sagiri, as long as I have Eromanga-sensei, I can continue to fight.

So ---

"Hey, Sagiri…."

[Yes?]

"…..Can I pat your head?"

--- I asked it.

Sagiri panicked slightly:

[Eh? Why?]

"Because I will feel more motivated."

She immediately flushed.

[…..Nii….so cunning…then…]

"Can I?"

[………………]

Sagiri remained silent for a while, then…

She looked directly into my eyes and said:

[….Just a bit, alright.]

"Okay, just a bit."

I slowly stroked her silver hair….

[…Um…um]

As soon as I started, Sagiri blushed like mad, like she was having a fever -- which also made my face feel hotter.

"Don’t, don’t be that embarrassed."

[But….]

Sagiri looked unhappy, but she didn’t say anything, she just looked down.

"…………………."

[………………..]

…………………..

Neither of us said anything, but I felt that I was sitting on a fire.

[Um…um…]

Sagiri's whole body stiffened, she let me caress her ---

Her pure white skin turned red.

"*Glup*"

What, what expression was that? Don’t make a face like I'm touching your breast.

I was just stroking her hair! I didn’t go overboard!

Now, even I couldn’t stop myself anymore.

Damn…! Somehow, deep within my heart, I felt like an evil had been born.

No no no, all I need to do is pull my hand back. But…

My hand felt like it was stuck to my little sister's head. I kept stroking her

[….Um.]

I never knew that 'head patting' could be this erotic.

While I was deeply confused….

[…Nii… ----]

Before Sagiri could say anything ….

"Too slow!!!!!!!!!! --!!!"

Someone barged inside and destroyed the atmosphere.

[~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~!!!!!!]

Without checking who it was, Sagiri immediately hid under her blanket.

I looked at my hand, which still had the feeling of my little sister on it and turned towards the intruder - Elf.

"…You always came at the perfect time to destroy our good atmosphere."

But if the previous situation continued, I felt that something irreversible would happen, so maybe it's better that Elf barged in.

Elf laughed in embarrassment.

"Okay, Masamune! How long are you going to make me wait? Are you finished reporting to Eromanga-sensei?"

"…Ah, yeah, done. The two of us decided to beat whoever dares to look down on our dream."

"Three."

"What?"

Elf pointed her thumb at her chest:

"Let me - Yamada Elf help you defeat that monster!"

A confident smile appeared on her face.

Thus, Elf righteously entered the locked room while shouting ' strategy session begin'.

While Sagiri still hid under the blanket, sometimes she would poke her head out.

She doesn’t like strangers, nor does she like anyone to enter her room.

But there isn’t any use in complaining to Elf. It wouldn’t have any effect.

"…Sagiri, want me to kick her out?"

[..Forget it. It's easier to talk this way…This is a special case.]

The voice came from the computer speaker.

…And that was how the strategy session led by Elf began.

We sat down in a circle.

"First is our current situation."

Elf pulled a tablet out of her bag.

"You two, take a look at this."

"What’s that?"

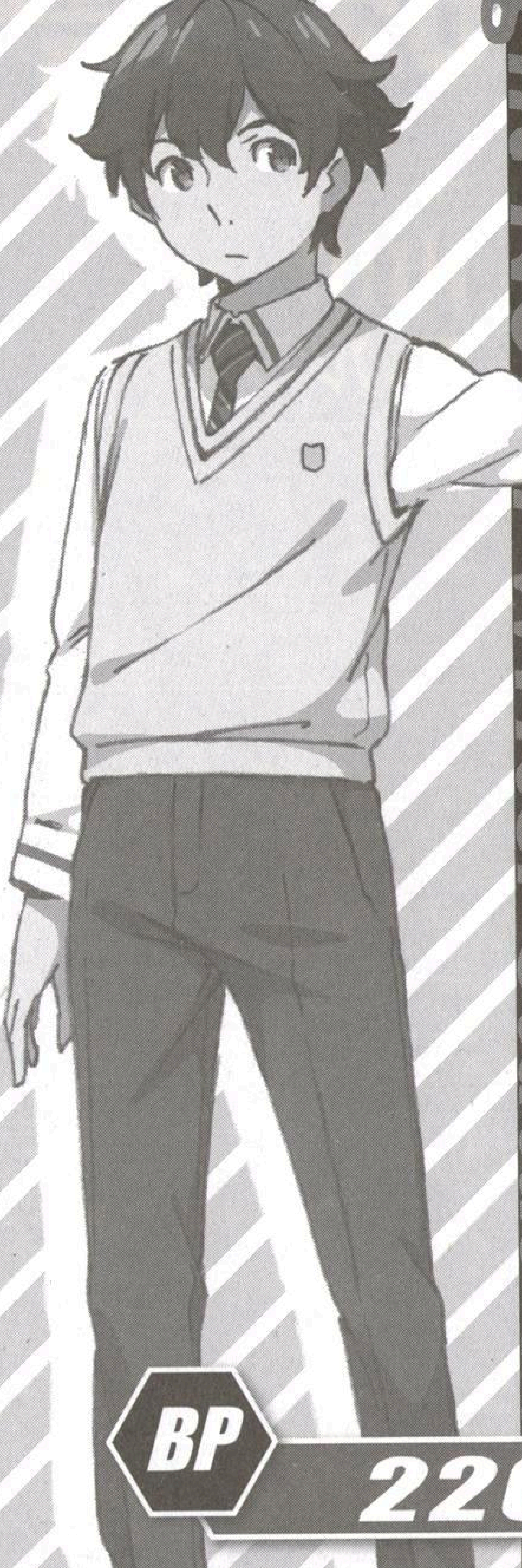
"Our status."

What Elf showed us was…er…how should I put it…

It was like a character status in Log Horizon[14] or Dungeon ni Deai wo Motomeru no wa Machigatte Iru Darou ka[15].

著:山田エルフ

01 ラノベ作家ステータス表



Pen Name

和泉マサムネ

Data

年齢:15歳
血液型:A型
得意ジャンル:学園異能バトル
使用機種:Let's note

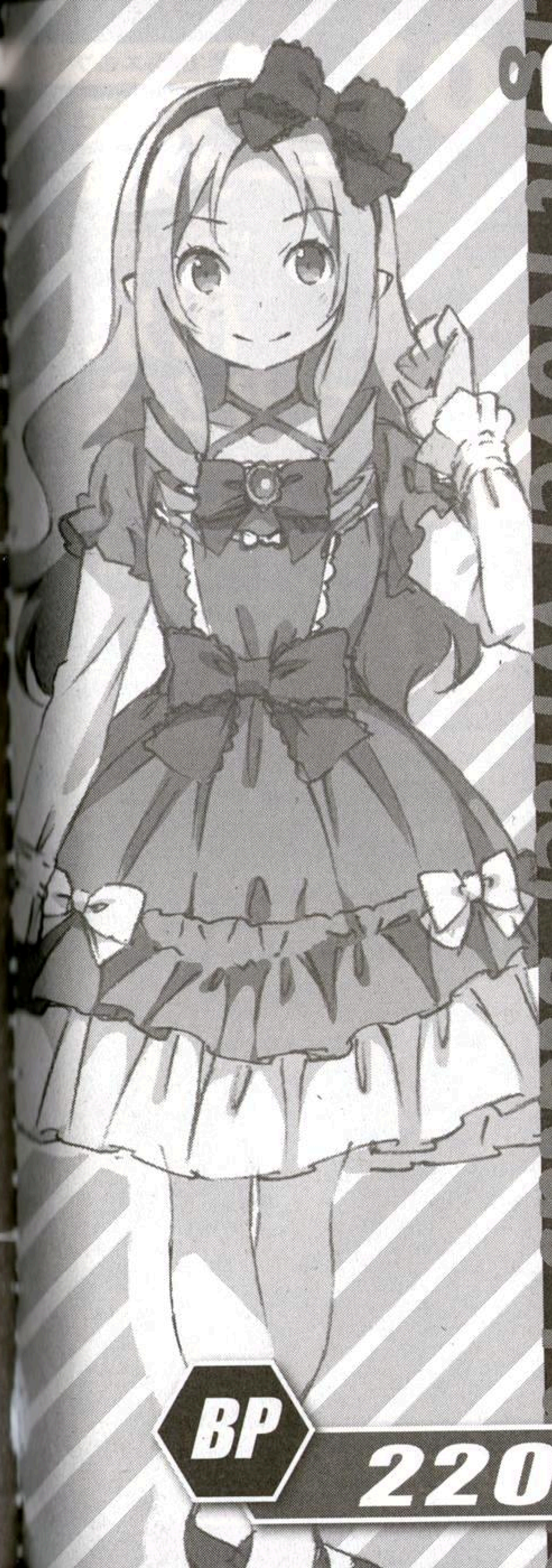
Skill

Rank:A　超速筆（スピードスター）Lv.7
高速で小説を書くことができる。

Memo

うちの隣に住んでるラノベ作家よ。たいして売れてないけど、新作には期待しているわ!
シスコンパワーでたやすく限界を超えてくる変なヤツ。妹が好き過ぎて視野狭窄になっているところが欠点ね!
他の女の子(たとえば隣に住んでる美少女とか!)に目を向けると、いいことあるかも!

BP 220000



著:山田エルフ

02 ラノベ作家ステータス表

Pen Name

山田エルフ

Data

年齢:14歳
血液型:?
得意ジャンル:ライトファンタジー
エッチなラブコメ
異世界トリップ
使用機種:MacBook

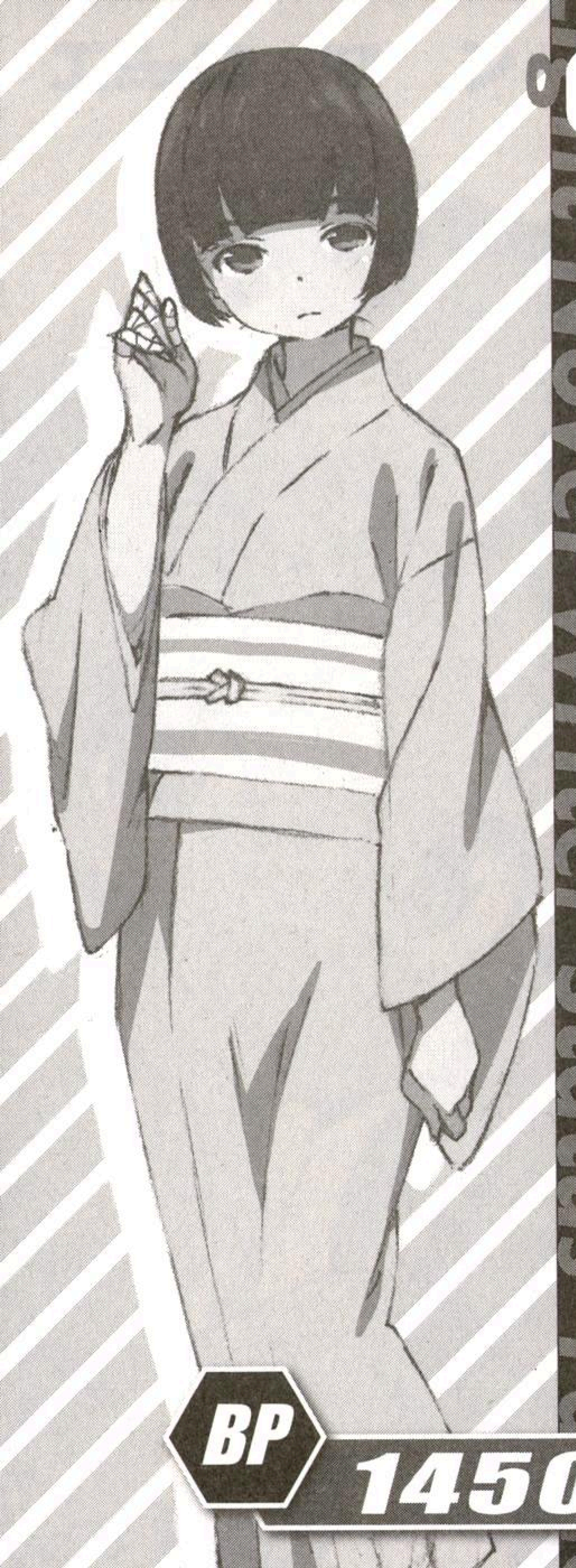
Skill

Rank:B　完成原稿召喚（サモンダークネス） Lv:1
魔界から完成原稿を召喚する。
・締め切りが過ぎていること。
・術者の魔力が充填されていること。
等々、行使には多くの制約がある。
Rank:B　神眼（ゴッドアイ） Lv.Max
読書や観察を通じ、本質を見抜く。
Rank:B　闇の衣（ダークフォース） Lv.1
メディアミックス等をきっかけに発現する精神障壁。
炎上による精神（メンタル）ダメージを10パーセント軽減する。
ちょっぴり捻くれる。

Memo

ラノベ業界を闇から救う、超売れっ子美少女作家よ!!
近い将来最強になるけど、現時点ではこんなもんね!!

BP　2200000



著:山田エルフ

03 ラノベ作家ステータス表

Pen Name

千寿ムラマサ

Data

年齢:14歳　血液型:O型
得意ジャンル:学園異能バトル
使用機種:ジャポニカ学習帳

Skill

Rank:A　呪縛（カースバインド） Lv.Max
読者を呪縛する。
対象を呪縛する。
己を呪縛する。
Rank:A　一意専心（ソウルサクリファイス） Lv.Max
すべての迷いを捨て去る。
命をテキストに変換する。
Rank:A　闇の衣（ダークフォース） Lv.Max
光を除く全属性精神（メンタル）ダメージを完全に無効化する。
光属性の精神（メンタル）ダメージが倍加する。
Rank:A　狂神の瞳（ルナティックアイ） Lv.Max
目視したスキルを獲得する。
耽読した書籍から膨大なExperienceを獲得する。
Rank:A　超速筆（スピードスター） Lv.1
高速で小説を書くことができる。
Rank:A　奪命撃（ヴォーパル・ストライク） Lv.1
???????????
Rank:A　憧憬一途（リアリス・フレーゼ） Lv.Max
?????
????????????
????????????

Memo

和泉マサムネの天敵よ!
ちっともむきになってくれない、つまんねーやつだと思ってたんだけど!
マサムネのおかげで面白くなってきたわ!

BP　14500000

It looked like Elf had hand-written them. On the screen, both the drawings and notes were in her hand-writing. Somehow it looked a bit like 'an embarrassing diary' of an elementary school kid.

Izumi Masamune, Yamada Elf, Senjyu Muramasa - Three pictures with skill and status listed.

"I swear that the skill names were copied from somewhere…."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. I mean, your drawings are quite good."

"Compared to a professional illustrator, it's nothing. Sometimes Ero-Manga Sensei and I exchange emails as well. Well, as you can see, here is a list of all of our current statuses and what I learned from my God Eye. You can understand our fighting power based on this."

"………………Yeah, you’re right."

From the look of it, among us three, Muramasa is a god among men.

With a mountain-like A class skill, it’s like some main character in a web novel.

By the way, if we are using Muramasa as a base for measurement, then Elf's battle power is only average, while mine was pitifully low.

Yeah, the formula sales = battle point wasn't good. Seeing this only made people frustrated.

Anyway…it looked like Elf was serious with this one.

If that was a joke, I bet her character would have sky-high stats and numerous maxed skill trees.

This time, she seriously mapped her opponent's status.

At least this had some kind of meaning.

"And? Are you going to show us how much of a disadvantages we have?"

"Yes. This world light novel tournaments decided by a vote from the readers. Thus, the more famous an author is, the bigger his advantage. Senjyu Muramasa's number of fans is about five or six times higher than mine. As long as Muramasa doesn't purposefully write something bad, those people will vote her as their favorite."

"You're right."

This can't be helped. There is no such thing as a completely fair competition.

A famous author will have an advantage. I was a bit jealous.

"Thus, if you want to win against her - you need to write something good enough to steal those fans. You must make those people who bought the magazine in order to read Senjyu Muramasa's story realize that Izumi Masamune's story is better."

"You’re… right."

Although there were other competitors, Muramasa had the most fans.

"That is where things get difficult."

I can easily crush Izumi Masamune –is what she must have been thinking when she accepted my showdown. I'm the away team here, I will lose unless I can beat her.

"Okay, got it."

"Good."

Elf nodded, she seemed to be in a good mood.

Still hiding under her blanket, Sagiri asked:

[…Tell me, why is Muramasa trying to pick a fight with you?]

She clearly focused her attention on me.

"No idea…I have absolutely no memory of her. Today is the first time we’ve met."

"Really? Could it be that you forgot her? I don’t really think that this was your first meeting."

Elf asked too. I shook my head.

"No, I'm sure that was our first meeting."

Her books are in the same genre as mine. How could I forget an author like that?

"Hm ~ forget it."

Elf smiled happily:

"Kuh kuh kuh…it's getting more and more interesting. I thought that woman could never care about winning or losing. Now…that woman who has always looked down on others had finally gotten serious! She’s angry! If she’s beaten, I bet she would be very frustrated, very angry! Just thinking about this made me happy! Hehehe, I'm drooling!"

Elf and Muramasa's characteristics were too much, maybe it's better if they never fought.

Elf patted my back:

"I leave it to you, my prince! Go beat your princess's enemy!"

"So that was the reason you helped us!"

…Well, I will win anyway.

Thud thud thud Sagiri seemed upset, she slammed on the bed .

" --- Then I will go write something to include in this World Light novel tournament."

In the locked room, after confirming everything, I turned to Elf.

"You said that you will help us, but what exactly do you mean?"

I needed to ask, because I've never co-written something before. Although there was a case when more than one author share a penname, but I've never been in a situation like that myself.

"Before I answer your question, I have to ask: how are you going to win against Muramasa? Any plan?"

"None. I will write normally and win normally."

*Tap tap tap tap*Under the blanket, Sagiri showed her agreement.

"If I still can't win, that means our dream will never become reality."

"---------"

Somehow Elf's eyes widened, then she shook her head:

"I see. Write normally, win normally - Good. I like that."

"To be specific, I planned to modify the little sister based light novel into something fit for that World light novel tournament."

Compressing it to 60 pages long, what a strange feeling.

"Ah, you mean the love-letter like light novel that beat me?"

"Please don’t call it that!"

It's embarrassing!

"Hmm, that one sure has a chance to win. But I can’t be sure, not without reading your outline."

Thud thud thud

" --- Eromanga-sensei said that 'I’ll send the outline to you now'. "

"…You can read each other's minds already….'kay, let me see. By the way -- you asked how will I help you?"

Elf pointed at herself:

"I will use my God Eye to help you train."

"Train?"

"Yes, train how to write a good short story. After meeting you, I’ve read some of your novels. Your short story writing skills are much weaker than your light novel writing skills."

"…..*glup*."

"I’ll be blunt, now, you won't be able to win against those newbies, not to mention Muramasa."

"*Glup glup*…."

I couldn’t say anything back. Elf pointed at me and dealt the finishing blow.

"In short, your skills in writing a short story are super weak."

"I'm sorry, it's exactly as you say!"

Since my debut, I’ve been bad at writing short stories.

"Even I don’t know how long the story I’ll write will be. I really can’t write a short story."

"….So how did you write short story before?"

Elf gave me half a glance. I confessed:

"That was just a coincidence."

"Thank you for your frank and stupid answer. Since you depend too much on your Fast Writing skills when working, your skills in this aspect didn’t improve at all - anyway, go train."

Elf folded her arms across her chest:

"In manga, anime, and light novels -- before you have a big fight , you have to train, right?"

"Train to write a better short story? Is that how you’re going to help me?"

"Yes. From now on, call me Elf-sensei."

"I'm not sure if that will work, Elf-sensei. This is reality, not a manga. I'm not going to have a physical fight, just a novel competition. Besides, I don’t have Hyperbolic Time Chamber[16] nor do I have access to Tartarus [17] to train."

"You do."

"Er?"

Elf-sensei smiled and made a Tajū Kage Bunshin no Jutsu (Multiple Shadow Clones Technique) [18] hand seal.

"Using Naruto as an example, you can keep using clone techniques to improve the efficiency of your training."

"As if I could do that! I'm not a ninja!"

"Just write so fast that you split in two!”

"………..What?"

Are you for real?

But, the reasons sound so strange….

"Could it be…you…."

"Yes. You once said you could write 200 pages in a day, didn’t you? Now a short story is 60 pages long, how about writing two per day -- no, ten per day. I will read anything you finish and give you your grade."

Shh shhh Elf made the Tora no in [19]handsign

"This is Elf's secret short story writing training method! You should win against Muramasa this way!"

"So in the end, this is still a super simple training method?"

Look, Elf's secret short story writing training method is simply ---

1. Write like crazy.

2. Show your finished short story to someone else.

3. Based on that person's opinion, make changes.

--- It's that simple. Write-Check-Improve.

"This is the fastest method of training to write a short story. Too simple? What’s wrong with that?"

"A simple method that beats a strong opponent is cooler, isn't it?"

"Don’t you have a big dream? My prince, show it to me!"

Each of Elf's words hit me deep inside.

"………"

She’s right. Totally right. There is no need to correct her.

No wait, there is.

"I couldn’t write ten short story every day. And how could 200 divided by 60 equal 10?"

"I, I, I, I know! It's just a figure of speech! Of course I know how to divide.

Thank you, Elf-sensei.

After we decided on this course of action, I became fired up.

I said nothing, and only silently thanked my cute friend.

And then ---

I began to take part in Elf's secret short story writing training method every day.

"Hey, what the heck? It’s more than a hundred pages! Idiot! Shorter!"

"Listen up Masamune! This time it’s a short story competition! Japanese has a lot of words, make sure to be careful picking them!"

"No one will buy the magazine to read your novel. If you write too simply, the reader will skip it!"

"Your structure is messed up! I told you, you have to begin with a scene that will draw the reader in! You only have 60 pages! Each of them is very important!"

"You think that you can give your female lead character life with just some simple words? Fool! Don't look down on a romance story!"

"Like I said! Your female lead appears too fast! The confession is your trump card, you can only use it once! A special move needs to be used at the perfect time!"

"Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey!!!!! Why does this girl look so much like me? You really ….."

And so ---

Under Elf-sensei's raging barrage, I tried my best at writing a short story.

Two or three stories ever day…60 pages each.

Then I left it for my trusted partner to read, review, argue, and discuss…

Then rinse and repeat….

"Good, you have made some improvement. Pass."

"But you'll keep trying, right? Trying every day! Even if it only increases your chance by one percent -- unlike me, you're just a mortal."

The manuscript for that competition needs to be submitted on the last day of this month. Thus, I kept training.

There was still sometime left.

Among them, today was a day like any other day.

It was getting dark. Elf and I were sitting in the Izumi household's living room and were discussing my last homework. Now that my manuscript to participate in the World light novel tournament was basically done, I was waiting for a moment of inspiration to finish it. In other words ---

"What should I name it?"

Yes. It's an important part of any story.

I still haven't decide on my work's name.

"You still haven't decided on a name…I can’t believe you have an outline."

By the way, the outline that I submitted was named 'little sister based (nameless)'.

"That’s how I always worked, only naming my book after everything was done."

They were like my children, how could I carelessly name them.

"I always decide on a name before anything else. My story is based around that name. They’re like my children -- how could I carelessly give birth to one."

I bet that she will grow into a mother that’s very strict with her kid.

"Anyway, today you have to decide on a name."

"I agree. I'm open to suggestions."

"I knew that you had no idea."

Elf laughed.

"So we wait for another one of those inspirations of yours?"

"You don’t have any idea either do you? Well, I can understand that."

In times like this, your partner is the one who understands you best.

I can’t do anything without a moment of inspiration. It can't be helped.

"Then do you have a name to help you lure in inspiration?"I asked.

"No problem - what about you, Eromanga-sensei?"

Elf asked the tablet on the table.

Eromanga-sensei's voice came through a voice changer:

[No problem too. And I don’t know someone with that name.]

Although I mostly trained in the living room, Sagiri preferred to stay in communication with us, so we used this method to connect the two rooms.

She said it was to 'monitor you if you did something perverted to Elf-chan'. An elder brother without his little sister's trust was so pitiful.

I don’t have that kind of relationship with my teacher next door -- how many times did I have to tell her that before she believed me?

--- While we were discussing.

Ding dong The doorbell rang.

"Let me go take a look."

I went out of the living room, towards the entrance.

…Did Megumi come to return my book? No, she would keep pushing the doorbell. But who would come here at this hour?

Since I couldn’t think of anyone, I let my guard down.

"Coming ~ Who are ----"

I smiled and opened the door. Outside was ---

" ---Ack?"

I let out a weird sound.

Anyone would do the same, because that was --

"Masamune-kun, I came to suggest that you withdraw."

My nemesis, Muramasa-senpai appeared in a sailor outfit.

I stood there stunned. There was a lot I wanted to ask, so I was debating what I should say.

In the end, I said:

"You, you…how….?"

"Ah? This uniform?"

Muramasa-senpai showed me the front area:

"Your home is far away from mine, so I came here after school. I'm still a student, so I have to go to school."

Unlike Elf or Sagiri, she was working while going to school ---

"I didn’t mean that! Why ---"

"To tell the truth, I came here today hoping to improve your first impression of me. Although I didn’t plan to say that during our first meeting, it seemed like I really offended you.”

She came here to improve my impression of her?

No no no! Something is off about this.

Just like our first meeting, I couldn’t figure out what she was thinking.

Probably my editorial department revealed my contact information. My eyes were full of anger now.

"My editor said boys usually like girls in sailor uniforms. You see, most of the time the cover of light novels have an image of a girl in uniform, right? Well, you still can't rate a book by its cover though."

While she was talking, her eyes flashed in a dangerous way, but it quickly reverted back to normal:

" -- It's like that. I'm not sure if wearing a uniform would help or not, but a chance sounded nice."

What is she thinking? I can't understand her.

Could it be that she came to make fun of me? I changed to an angry tone:

"No one asked about your clothes. I asked why you’re here?"

"You mean the address? The editor told me."

Damn it, casually revealing the information of others like that!

"Then I suddenly had an idea -- like this."

Capitulate.

She wanted to convince me to surrender without a fight?

"You don't need to be on red alert. In my opinion, it's a good thing for you."

"….?"

I narrowed my eyes. Muramasa smiled and gave me her hand:

"Masamune-kun, be mine." [20]

That's what she said.

"….Ha? Hahhhhhh????"

I looked at the sky and burst out laughing. My face was probably deep red by now.

"Be yours? What are you saying?"

"?"

Muramasa's eyes widened -- then she blushed too.

"You, you…don’t have that kind of shameless misunderstanding!"

"Tell me, what kind of pure misunderstanding could I draw from that?"

"It's not that! What I meant earlier is 'be my novelist'!"

"I thought you meant 'be my lover'!"

"Don’t say it out loud!"

I found out Muramasa's weakness. She clearly wasn’t good with perverted stuff -- as soon as the topic was brought up, she lost her usual calmness.

Although that information was useless in the upcoming competition.

"That didn’t explain anything. Your novelist? What does that mean?"

"It's exactly like I said. You will write novels only for me! In exchange, I’ll pay you!"

"……….."

"What do you think?"

Seeing her tilt her head in a cute way made me even angrier.

From her appearance to her manner, both were cute. If she wasn't my nemesis, I would have fallen for her.

But we are enemies.

Unlike the showdown with Elf's last month –Muramasa is my arch enemy.

How could I even fall for her?

Not to mention she’s a better novelist than me.

Be my novelist…I bet she’s making fun of me.

"No matter what you say, I still don’t understand how you could come up with this suggestion. This must be some kind of trap. Do you remember what you said?"

Because I hate you. Izumi Masamune - I hate the one who keeps holding on to that childish dream. This time, your dream was in the way of my dream, I hate you even more for writing that kind of useless novel.

" -- After saying that, why are you even making that suggestion ?"

Hearing my question, Muramasa seemed surprised, like she slipped. Then her eyes widened:

"That’s because ---"

"STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!"

Before she could say it, someone interrupted.

Following the sound of footsteps, Elf appeared, still holding her tablet.

Seeing Muramasa, Elf silently walked to my side and spoke in a condescending tone:

"Masamune, I will say it for your own good - it's better if you don’t ask about *that*

"Elf…what do you mean?"

"To be more specific, you shouldn’t try to understand what girls think. Otherwise you might get cursed."

She’s still beating around the bush even now.

"It's so troublesome, please say it in a way that I can understand ."

Since I was already cursed by Muramasa three years ago.

"Since you’re too nice, if you listen to her, your chance of winning will go down."

…You’re worried too much. Even I won't show any feelings towards my enemy.

But…I still nodded.

"Elf-sensei is right. There’s no need to listen to my enemy."

"That's good."

Elf nodded in satisfied way, then raised her chin at Muramasa.

" -- It's done. Nothing can be changed about this. Get lost."

Although she was clearly chased away, Muramasa’s lips raised slightly…Although this was a normal reaction, but it's rare to see her normal otherworldly expression change like this.

"Yamashita-sensei."

"Yamada! Yamada! Don’t get my name wrong!"

"Then…Yamada-sensei…I remember telling you to step aside."

"Don’t ~ wanna ~"

Elf happily interjected.

"Although my sales are lower than yours, and I have nothing to brag about compared to you -- maybe after my anime airs I can get a few million more, so I don’t need to back off! Just wait and see!"

I don’t think the anime could boost your sales that much.

Still, she looked happy, so I’ll let this slide.

If even this novelist whose sales are six times higher than Elf’s couldn’t say anything back, I doubt there is anyone in the world who can.

As expected, Muramasa gave up on trying to shut Elf up. She asked:

"Yamada-sensei -- why are you at Masamune's home?"

"Because we’re living together."

"What?"

"Pfffffffff!!!!"

What is she saying?

Even my nemesis was stunned.

*Thud thud bang bang bang*Sagiri showed her anger.

"…Can you please not change 'next door neighbor' to 'living together'?"

I regained control of my breathing. Hearing that, Muramasa also let out a breath.

"Don’t scare me like that. I almost called the police."

Please calm down, okay?

My home and the house next door were called the 'cursed land' by people nearby, so don’t make it any worse.

"There’s no need for that! I already informed everyone involved ."

"Is there anyone with a tiny bit knowledge of network security here aside from me?"

First Eromanga-sensei, then Megumi, now Elf too…please be careful when you post something on the Internet! It could cause a scandal! I can see a storm incoming!

"Don’t speak nonsense -- I understand your situation, but I won't go back empty handed."

Muramasa suddenly sounded serious. I heard a noise like a blade leaving its scabbard.

"Masamune-kun, accept my suggestion. Then you can understand my dream before it crushes your dream."

"If you - want to keep living like this."

Elf, Eromanga-sensei (via Skype), and I were arguing with Muramasa in the Izumi household's living room.

I still don’t get it, but what she said sounded like something that the final boss of an RPG would say.

That one sentence - I couldn’t pretend like I didn’t hear it.

[If you want to keep living like this, then listen to me.]

Those words struck me deep inside.

It’s impossible to not listen to them.

But…if I listen, that means that I ignored Elf's advice.

What is Muramasa's dream? How could she decide that our dream was childish?

Be mine! What does that mean?

Is exchanging the leading role in this conversation in hopes of an answer worth it?

While I was thinking that ---

"Masamune, step aside. Now it’s my turn."

Elf sat down like a master and pushed me aside. What the heck? Don’t steal my home away from me!

"Yamada-sensei. It's a bit late to say that, but I hope you don’t cause any trouble."

Muramasa still calmly took a sip of coffee.

Her actions were elegant and well-mannered.

"I don’t plan to cause trouble. But I have to tell you this Masamune: you’re as dense as a light novel protagonist. I will only say it once, so listen well. If you want to kill a boss, ask me before making that decision."

Still sitting in a master's position, she raised her hand like a gun and shot it at Muramasa.

"Today, you didn’t only offend Masamune but you offended*us.*"

"…*Us*...Who is this us?"

"Me…."

Elf looked at the tablet - Eromanga-sensei, then turned to the ceiling:

"And her highness upstairs."

Today Muramasa didn’t only offend me, but Elf and Sagiri too?

What’s the meaning of this? I still don’t understand what Elf said.

With an exaggerated wave of her hand, Elf yelled:

"First floor is my territory, second floor is hers. I will deal with any uninvited guests like you since no one else could come." *Eh? Who is leading this conversation?*

When did my neighbor take my place from me?

At the same time, after hearing Elf's words, Muramasa……

“…..”

She….

I will truthfully repeat what I saw here - she took a notebook out of her bag and began to write.

A deep-blue notebook was in her left hand, as her right hand began to move at high speed.

It wasn’t the same as Eromanga-sensei's rhythmic way - it felt as immovable as a mountain.

Looking at Sagiri when she was working made people happy. But looking at Muramasa made people unable to breath. Like I was standing in a sanctuary or something.

The atmosphere was insanely tense.

….I didn’t know how she wrote before. Now I knew.

"Hey…did you listen to my cool line just now?"

Elf was still able to speak normally in this situation, but her nerves probably had stopped working.

"………"

"Don’t ignore me!"

Elf nearly shouted.

Then, Muramasa replied:

"Any more noise and I will kill you."

Straight and directly to the point.

"Now is an important time. Wait."

Even when talking, she didn’t look up - her pen wasn’t slowing down.

"Hey, are you writing a novel? Right now? Right here?"

“……………………………………”

She didn’t seem to hear me.

“~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~”

Elf clenched her fist, her temple twitched.

From the tablet on the table, Eromanga-sensei's voice came:

[Just like Nii.]

"Eh? Eh? No, it can't be! Hey, say something!"

I shot a pleading look at Elf.

"It's exactly the same! Even the way you reply is the same!"Elf exclaimed.

"….For real?"

"Now you know how stupid you look? Hurry and reflect on yourself! This is a chance to see your bad points that were normally overlooked!"

Elf folded her arms across her chest, then glanced at Muramasa and asked me:

"So? Care to explain why someone like you is acting this way?"

"How could I know?"

"……….*Jiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii*"

What's with that look? You look like you think I'm lying!

I looked at my kin, who was deep in writing and said:

"…An inspiration? That was all I could think of."

Elf still stared at me:

"…In short, ignore the entire world? Just to write a novel?"

"Maybe?"

"Don't you think it's rude?"

"That can't be helped! It's a moment of inspiration! We have to write! I used to be like that too! Once I even began writing while walking!"

Wait, why am I explaining Muramasa?

Elf sighed and returned to her seat.

"What a self-centered girl. It can't be helped then…we wait. Masamune, make me a cup of coffee."

[Me too.]

"Yeah yeah."

"…..One for me too."

"Yes yes!"

And thus I made coffee for Elf, Eromanga-sensei -- and my enemy who was focusing on writing non-stop.

About twenty minutes later ---

Muramasa was still writing.

How long did she plan to write a novel inside her enemy's headquarters?

"?"

She smiled a bit, which made her eyes seem gentler.

"………."

My feelings were complicated. Was that how - she always wrote those masterpieces?

She looked as focused as my little sister when she was drawing.

"….Ughhh.."

I massaged my temple.

Elf's worries were true. I truly was too good of a person.

Unless I hardened my heart a bit -- soon, I might not be able to hate my archenemy.

Of course I'm still going to win, but…

"Still….."

Don't tell me she's going to sit here until she finishes? It's already dark!

Although I said that, I didn't actually care about her.

"It…looks good…"

Since I moved behind her, I secretly looked at the novel that the famous author Senjyu Muramasa was writing.

"Wow…really…really good!"

Next to me, Elf also stared at Muramasa.

"That -- doesn’t look like it's the uncompleted Fantasy Blade."

"A new novel. Could it be that she plans to send this to take part in World Light novel tournament?"

"But is this just a chapter? We need to submit the manuscript tomorrow."

It's almost time already.

It looked like what Muramasa was writing wasn’t the next part of Fantasy Blade nor the novel to fight against me. It's a new work, written in my home that she thought of while visiting.

By the way, now that all of us were standing up. Muramasa sat on her seat while Elf and I stood behind. The tablet which connected this room and the locked room was on the table. Eromanga-sensei was probably watching Muramasa too.

[…Nii.]

Sagiri's voice came from the tablet.

"What's up Sagiri? Are you tired?"

[Since she was so focused, maybe she wouldn’t notice if you shouted or did something to her.]

"Yes. So -- what are you thinking?"

[Pull her skirt up a bit so I can take a look.]

"You! Please behave normally for my sake!"

You can say that in this serious situation?

Look at the atmosphere! Atmosphere! You scared me!

[But…this is a one in a thousand chance.]

"She’s right."

Even Elf thought the same?

"This is a chance Masamune! Hurry and take a picture to blackmail her later!"

"Who’s the bad guy here?"

"Kuh! How…she’s your enemy! Why are you protecting her?"

Hearing her say that, I was actually considering it for a bit --

Wait wait, it was like something was possessing me! Was Elf-sensei's bad side corrupting me as well?

"No no no?"

I felt that I was going to go insane.

"No no, how could I lay a finger on her ---"

I jumped in front of Muramasa and spread my hands wide:

"I'm the only who is allowed to take Muramasa-senpai's panties. "

"………………………What are you talking about?"

"Eh? Ehhhhh?"

I turned back and saw my eternal enemy looking at me, her face red.

When did she finish?

She closed the notebook and stuttered:

"Wh, what….you want my underwear?"

"No, wait!"

I forced my eyes away from my enemy's thighs, and tried to change the subject:

"Why aren’t you writing Fantasy Blade anymore?"

Although I pulled this out of my ass, the truth is I did want to know the answer.

"Your fans are waiting! Your anime is waiting too! Why aren’t you writing it anymore?"

The publisher was worried too. Not to mention the editorial department.

"Could it be ---"

Before I could finish, Muramasa answered with something unexpected. Listen, she said:

"What is Fantasy Blade?"

"-----------!?"

[-----------!?]

Everyone froze. I felt a cold chill go down my spine.

"Are, are, are you kidding me?"

Even Elf was sweating.

"Listen to me! There should be a limit for your maddening stupidity! Fantasy Demon Blade Legend, got it?"

"Hm…it sounds familiar…'

"How could you not know about it? It's your book!"

Elf grabbed Muramasa's neck and shook it. If she was a bit slower, I might have been the one who did it instead. This is the one thing I wouldn’t wait for.

"Ah…I wrote it? That name…isn't that the same thing my editor keep asking me to write more of? I heard something about a blade or a sword…."

What…the heck?

"How could you not know the name of a novel you wrote -- and why didn't you name them?"

After so much shaking, Muramasa panicked a bit:

"Light novels are something I write for myself! As long as the content is good, the rest is just extra."

Yeah, if I remember correctly her book never had any after word.

Aside from the content, her book had nothing else.

The rest …is just extra?

"How could you publish your book without a name? How exactly did you publish it before?"

"I just wrote it. The rest, I didn't know nor did I care."

Muramasa simply answered. I didn't need to be as sharp as Elf to know - she didn't lie.

I bet that Fantasy Demon Blade Legend was a name someone else picked for her. Even she didn't know about it.

Photograph event. Party. Anime meeting. She never participated in any of them.

She didn't even know her own sales.

That was because she considered all of them as extras.

She never had any interest in the mortal world, never cared if her book was rejected or not, never cared if anyone read them or not. She was always calm like a saint.

….Yeah. It's just like Elf and Kagurazaka-san said.

I stopped myself from saying anything else. I still wanted to know why she kept picking a fight with me, but at least I could get rid of the weight on my chest.

There was no need to ask. As soon as we had a winner, everything would be back to normal.

"…Senpai, why did you become a novelist?"

I asked, my voice both filled with admiration and disappointment.

"If you want to read a good story, you could just go to the bookstore. If you...don't care about money, don’t care about readers, don’t care about fame, don’t care about anything, and only write for yourself - then there is no need for you to become a novelist."

So why did you become a novelist - I repeated my question.

"The second problem is like you said, junior."

Muramasa scratched her cheek:

"I made my debut because I couldn’t afford not to. Yes, I don’t care if anyone reads my story. Of course, it's good if more people like them, but that's all. However, someone convinced me to make my debut with a reason 'some novelists can’t write as much as you even if they focused all of their time on writing'."

The image of a girl in a kimono writing day by day appeared in my head.

Some might have said that she made 'commendable effort'.

But even if we’re similar, in my opinion, acting like that wasn’t any different from a NEET gamer. It wasn’t worth commending. We just did what we like every day.

But just that is enough for us to earn money, and to grant happiness to our readers.

Not many jobs could be better than this.

I did think that while this job was hard, it's a job worth keeping.

However, not everyone shares the same opinion.

Why did…she have so many fans, yet she didn’t care?

"Regarding the first problem:"

Muramasa shot me a sharp glare:

"Because there aren’t any good books in the bookstore -- junior, there aren’t any books in the store that can make me laugh happily . So I have no choice but to write them myself."

This is ….the reason Senjyu Muramasa became a novelist?

"Don’t be mistaken, going to school is indeed the most fun thing in the world. As long as you have *a book that you like* , you can ignore anime, film, games or even your lover. I truly like to go to school, although I couldn’t find *a book that only belonged to me*there."

"There must be one or two, right?"

Somehow, I couldn’t stop myself from asking:

"Unless you have read a good story or two, you can't begin to enjoy reading, much less decide to begin writing."

"Of course. But those good stories… stopped."

What do you mean? Did the author pass away? Or…?

Muramasa didn’t let me have time to think, she raised a finger:

"Masamune-kun, what is your definition of *the best light novel in the world*?"

"Huh?"

How could I answer such a sudden question? The best in the world -- what exactly would it be?

I got a few ideas in my head, but I couldn’t decide

"Then I will change my question. With one hundred points as a maximum for a novel, how would you rate your story?"

This was both a difficult and an easy question.

"One hundred points."

I immediately replied. Even my rejected project - although they had their bad sides - but I can still keep raising my head and giving them one hundred points.

Because there were still people who liked them.

"And you?"

Muramasa asked Elf.

"Of course it's one hundred."

"Me too. The one’s I wrote all get one hundreds - because I'm the author. But in the first letter a fan sent me, they said ---"

"It's so good that on a one hundred point scale, I would give it one million!"

"My family said 'since they sent you a letter, make sure to read them', so I did…and I was so scared. The book that I only gave one hundred point was rated one million. And they even said 'among those light novel I read, only the best ones get one million'."

"---------------"

My breathing skipped a beat. I understood what she meant.

"Yes, this is the best novel in the world –but it won't be the only one*that you will consider best* during your lifetime."

Sooner or later, people will find book that they really like.

On a scale of one hundred points, they will give it one million and brag about it.

No matter how famous it was, no matter how high or low its sales were, no matter what others said about it, no matter who the author is.

A book that can make you proudly said "I like this one the most ".

You like it so much that you treat it like your own child.

Megumi had *Hyper Hybrid Organization*

I have *Circlet Girl, Shakugan no Shana, Ichiban Ushiro no Dai Maou* [21] *or Akuma no Mikata* [22]

As long as you enjoy reading, you will have some precious treasures.

That was *the best light novel in the world* that Muramasa spoke of.

"After becoming a novelist, I understood this even better. Books were born for the readers, not for the author. No matter how hard an author tried, you could only get one hundred points. The reader can give it a million points. And it's not like they only have one *best light novel in the world*. This world is so unfair. Those books that I like are so hard to find, and just aren't enough….I'm always carving for more -- that's why!"

Muramasa stood up:

"My dream is *to write the best light novel in the world*. Something that even I will give a million points! Something that will satisfy me, and allow me to read it instead of food!"

Her voice was firm and loud, and contained hope and anger.

So ---

She wrote for herself?

He…how should I put it…it's quite hard to put it into words… anyway, I bet that he doesn't have fun while working like us.

Totally focused on level grinding, paying no attention to the outside world.

Not wanting to compare nor boasting to anyone else.

Just grinding non-stop before taking on the final boss.

The rest is just extra, and she doesn't care about the extras. Anyone who got in the way would be quickly beaten up.

It's that simple.

Although she still had a long way to go, her efforts were still paying off.

Now, no matter what kind of interest a reader had, what genre a reader liked, Muramasa's fighting style novel always had something that made people feel 'good'.

From another point of view, that was the same dream of all authors in the world.

With enough level grinding, you could beat Metal Slime or Metal King Slime in a single hit.[23]

Truly, you can't rate a book by its cover.

She simply just focused everything on her STR stats.[24]

The strongest solo player.

This is her true self.

I looked at Muramasa and whispered.

" --- Have you ever smiled?"

"…What are you saying?"

"I was thinking that maybe your expressions won't change no matter what, but when you spoke about your dream, there was a change."

"Hmmmm…"

Muramasa blushed slightly then puffed her chest out, and said:

"Everyone is the same when talking about their dreams."

Was that a line from my novel?

"Is that so?"

I understood Muramasa's dream and the reason she was so strong.

Such a good dream. Please try your best - because your novel (at least to me) is one of *the best light novels in the world* . I truly hoped that she could continue writing. But --

But even so, I will not allow it to crush *our dream*.

"Then why do you consider me a thorn in your side? Why do you want to crush our dream? I didn’t get in your way or anything ."

"Yes, you did."

She rebuked:

"Because your dream is to publish that little sister based romance story, then make it into an anime, right?"

"That we will watch together. It's our dream."

I added the last part.

She knew all of my future plan - Muramasa once said she asked my editor.

In other words, she knew about my novel outline.

"No matter what you say, the truth is you are in my way. You asked why I don’t write Fantasy Blade anymore? I still haven't answered, right?"

Muramasa raised her right hand at me -- now I realized that her hand was bandaged.

"Because I no longer can."

"!"

"Because of that childish outline of yours, I couldn’t write anymore fighting-genre light novels."

"Wh, what---?"

What the heck? How is that be possible? Where did that come from?

How does my little sister based romance story block her ability to write a fighting-genre light novel??

"------------"

But if that's true, then it's really scary.

Because of my outline, a masterpiece couldn’t be written anymore?

I paled, my body trembled.

"I…I….I ----" *Slap* "Ouch it hurt!"

Someone hit me on the back of my head. I looked back and saw Elf with the tablet on her hand.

"Okay, that's enough. I told you before - you will be cursed if you listen to her."

Elf put the tablet under her armpit and grabbed Muramasa's hand.

"!"

"That's enough! Go home!"

Muramasa was pushed back to the entrance.

"Eh? Hey…"

Still shaken, I quickly followed

"Yamada-sensei, I still ---"

"I knew it, you didn’t get it. After such a long conversation, Masamune still doesn’t get it -- how about you repeat it once more ?"

"….."

Muramasa's eyes widened. Elf pushed her face closer:

"Of course I get it -- I bet the princess upstairs also gets it."

She stared at Muramasa for several second.

Then ---

"Haaaaaa…."

She sighed, like she was giving up.

"I can't stand this anymore. Although saying this means I owe her highness an apology…but I have to say it."

"What do you mean ---"

Elf cut Muramasa off:

"I will push *your dream aside* and tell *our enemy* one last piece of advice ---"

She pointed her finger at my face and looked at Masamune:

"If you wanted to make him understand, you need to say it a hundred times clearer. Why did a famous author like you consider a low-ranking author like Masamune a thorn in your side? Why did you try to pick a fight with him? Why did you came to the Adachi ward from Chiba and tell him 'be mine'? -- hurry up and tell him the true reason!"

"------------"

The hesitation in Muramasa's eyes disappeared, replaced by determination.

She shook Elf's hand off then stared back.

"Phew ~ ha ~"

She took a deep breath, looked at me and said clearly:

"In my opinion, *the best light novel in the world* will be one of your novels."

"What?"

"So, I can’t allow you to switch genres. I don’t like the romance genre, I only like your fighting genre, not anything else. And I don’t want to learn to write a new genre…I don’t want to! I really don’t want to!"

"What…"

When I recovered, Muramasa's blushing face was nearly touching mine.

"I’ve been your fan for a long time."

She grabbed my hand with both of her hands. Her hand was bandaged like after a bad cooking session, but it was so soft.

"Be mine. Write novels just for me only. Please."

Her voice was sincere. And I ---

"Eh….Ah…er……"

I was blushing madly, totally in chaos. But everyone was like that, right?

The reason that caused someone who never had an interest in the mortal world to take interest in something else.

The reason that the masterpiece Fantasy Demon Blade Legend was stalled, the author was unable to write the fighting genre anymore.

She wanted to crush me not out of malice.

She did it because ---

She's one of my fans? Because she likes the fighting genre that I write?

And so….when I gave up on the genre and switched to romance , she got…angry?

So angry that she was unable to keep writing anymore?

"Are you…kidding me?"

"I'm not!"

She grabbed my hand tighter.

There was no one that enthusiastic among my fans at the photograph event.

"I have read all of your stories! Even before you made your debut, I've been a fan of yours since you published your web novel !"

"But…."

"I have proof! I know what the beginning of your story was like! Izumi Masamune started with a fanfic of Tales of Phantasia! It was a fanfic about an OC named Izumi Masamune and his adventures ---"

"Wait wait, stop!"

"Then…the hero bears the name of the author –and Masamune defeats the gigantic dragon, then he shouts 'Dieeeeeeeeeee ---- Lion's roarrrrrrrrrr!!!!"

"Wahhhhhhhhhh! Stop! Stop! I believe you! I believe you!"

Oh it hurt! It hurt so much! I wanted to die already!

Damn it…Web novels are every author's weakness.

Of course I love my story, I could proudly give them all one hundred points, but only after I made my debut! I never thought that someone knew about my dark history!

I clearly deleted them all after making my debut! My face was so hot now!

"I have downloaded all of your web novels..."

"Delete them! Delete them immediately!"

"I have to refuse! They are as important to me as blood and flesh . My novel was affected by yours ---because only your novel could move my heart, and allow me to write!"

"….*Glup*"

So that’s the reason we had a similar writing style?

Now that I think about it, I began writing web novels before Muramasa-senpai made her debut.

In other words…Izumi Masamune didn’t copy Senjyu Muramasa -- instead, Senjyu Muramasa copied Izumi Masamune …?

I slowly began to get it.

"When your novel stopped publishing…I was lost. I didn’t know what to do. What will happen to those characters I liked? How will they get their happy ending…I think about that every day. But I'm not the author!"

…Just…like me.

Muramasa-senpai was deeply affected by my novel, and she was like me now - she felt lost. Of course there is no way she could write anything in this state.

"In order to distract myself, I began to write. Then I kept writing , while wondering while Izumi-sensei stopped."

"….Because."

Because your novel caused all of mine get rejected.

"I never thought that I was the reason…I only notice it now."

…She didn’t really try to get in my way.

Thinking back, at the editorial department Muramasa-senpai's acting was really bad.

Although she tried to be a bad guy… what she said wasn't a lie. The only thing that I wasn’t sure of was when she said she wanted to crush my romance genre novel.

"However, Masamune-kun, I won't apologize about what happened last year."

"I understand. Senpai is better than me, that's all."

Even if she did that on purpose, I had no right to hate her because of that.

Still holding my hand, Muramasa-senpai said:

"I thought that if I crushed those childish novels, you could come back. I tried to provoke you - but then I was lectured a lot."

She told me how Kagurazaka-san explained why I acted so desperately.

"I never thought that there is such a deep reason behind that. I never thought your family situation was that complicated. In order to continue this job, you need some kind of achievement -- right?"

"--------"

"In order to protect your life and your little sister's, you need money."

"Yes."

Finally --- "Masamune-kun, I'm here to convince you. You don’t need to win. You don’t need to care about sales or any reader's opinions aside from me."

Finally --- this topic returned.

"Be mine. Give up on those childish dream, please write novels for me only. As thanks, I will give you all of my income until now. "

"All…!?"

"Is that not enough?"

Muramasa was so close that our noses almost touched.

After we solved our misunderstanding…I was still a bit scared of her. Now I was even more scared of her.

Why? Because she was totally serious.

She was so crazy.

"That's not the problem…! Do you know how much your income is? It should be in the billions! How could you give that away?"

"*When you need it, you could come and take your income and use it. Until then, it's better for us to keep them.* -- that was what my family told me Now -- I want to use them. There is no problem with taxes or anything, I could ask someone professional about this."

She…was telling the truth.

She really willing to give up on all of her money to ask me to write novels for her.

She wanted to buy - me, Izumi Masamune.

"Is that okay, Masamune-kun?"

Muramasa drew closer, still holding my hand.

"As long as you’re mine -- I will take care of you siblings for the rest of your life."

Those words really stuck home.

--- I felt that my next decision was important.

Because, if I agreed…then I could continue living together with my little sister.

We wouldn't be separated because of our guardian.

Besides --- I'm truly happy. Because someone valued my novel that highly. I was so happy that my body was trembling.

My head felt like it was hit with an anesthetic.

She asked me to write novels?

As a novelist, there is no better invitation.

Someone was looking forward to my novels.

Wasn’t that my original goal?

This was the magic *that person* used on me, the magic that changed the lives of us siblings.

And now, senpai is using a gentler, better magic to lure me.

"Masamune-kun, can I…hear your answer?"

"…Senpai, I…."

I answered with a half-drunken tone.

"…I…."

"NOOOOOOO!!!"

That was my little sister's voice.

"No, absolutely not!

Her voice was so loud that the whole house trembled.

Her voice shouldn’t be here, but the truth is it was here already.

" --- Sagiri."

I recovered and looked at the direction of that voice.

Even in my dream, I couldn’t believe what I was seeing.

"….Oh…."

It was the scene of Sagiri painfully looking down at me from her spot half way down the stairs.

…She…left the room ---

Her hands were trembling while holding the railing. She looked like she could fall down at any moment.

"Don’t…allow…"

The only difference was her determined eyes staring down at Muramasa.

*Bang!*Sagiri stomped on the stairs:

"I was here before you! I like his novel more than you! I'm the first! You -- get lost!!!!"

Since she usually didn’t speak that much, her voice was hoarse, like she was biting her tongue.

And that was the reason her voice made us all shut up.

"*Our dream* is not childish! Together! We are building it together ! The first time together!!!!"

I remembered what Elf said: Today, I'm not the one battling with Muramasa.

"We will not lose to you! Absolutely not!"

Sagiri and ---

"Masamune! Tell her! Tell her ----------!!!"

--- My partner is fighting too.

"Ah…."

Muramasa's invitation was probably the best a novelist could hope for.

"Ha…hah…..phew …."

But not for me.

Even if I was beaten, I'll stand up.

"Sorry, senpai. I'm happy to hear you say that, but the price isn't enough."

So, I stepped back, let her hand go and smiled

"Now, I will not lose ~ Let's have a showdown."

"…………"

Muramasa-senpai only looked at me silently.

"Senpai, you're my fan right? Then don't judge my book without seeing it. Because this time – it's Izumi Masamune's masterpiece"

"………"

Muramasa-senpai turned toward the door. Her back slowly moved away.

Then she turned her head back once ---

"I will kill you if it's not good enough."

Leaving that line behind, she left.

That night, the same day that Muramasa-senpai came to my home.

I finished my manuscript for the World Light novel tournament and sent it to my editor.

The next day, Kagurazaka-san messaged me back:

[Izumi-sensei, thank you. I have read your mail – but since this is a tournament, I won't help you edit it. It's meaningless if the reader reads something that isn't completely yours]

[Besides – did Muramasa-sensei come to your home yesterday?]

[Oh? I revealed your personal information? Ahaha, its fine --- we wrapped things up nicely thanks to that. It's better for Izumi-sensei, for Muramasa-sensei, for the editorial department and especially for me!]

[Ah, Muramasa-sensei already saw your manuscript. Really, what does this girl think her editor is? Anyway, I let her take a look – wow, she had a terrifying killing intent when she read your story – Eh? Izumi-sensei, is something wrong? Your voice is trembling.]

[You asked how much I knew beforehand about this? Well, I have known for a while that Muramasa-sensei is a crazy fan of yours. You asked why I didn't tell you -- ? Well, you never asked me. Look, you also grew up too fast.]

[I also knew why Muramasa-sensei couldn't write any fighting genre novels anymore. As her editor, I've talked with her a few times.]

[About the time when your novel was continuously shot down because of Muramasa-sensei – did we really have a time like that? Actually, the last time she came to the editor department wasn't because of a new novel – I only heard that she was troubled. As her editor, as an adult woman, I planned to give a life counseling session to an innocent fourteen-year-old teenager.]

[Although I said that, but I only understood everything after that life counseling session was over. What a pity, if I knew that beforehand…if your meeting with Muramasa-sensei was a day later – I could have easily solved this misunderstanding – Ah, what a pity --- if only I knew it before hand ---]

[So, Izumi-sensei? Hearing that ---- do you want to thank me? What do you mean by that --- ah, I hate you so much. Okay, go think about it a bit more. As your editor, I was drawn into this, not to mention I need to give a fair evaluation to your new novel. Did I tell you to stop writing romance novels and stick to fighting novel? If I tricked you into writing a novel, then Fantasy Blade of Muramasa-sensei could release a new volume – yet I'm firmly on your side this time. All for the future readers! For the future masterpiece! Am I right?]

[Izumi Masamune, Senjyu Muramasa – I like both of you.]

[Now now, you’re welcome – it’s my duty as your editor.]

[By the way, your aunt is both young and beautiful ---]

July the 20th - the day they announced the result of the World Light novel tournament.

In the Izumi’s household, I sat in front of Elf.

The result will be shown at exactly 7:00 pm on the official website.

It was now 6:57.

Elf looked at the tablet on the table and said.

“Three more minutes.”

I also looked at the notebook in front of me.

“I’m so nervous.”

“Didn’t you say you wouldn’t lose?”

Elf laughed, like she was mocking me.

People make the plans, but Fate makes the outcome.

A few more minutes and I will know the fate of Sagiri, Eromanga-sensei and myself.

“I believe that you will win.”

“Eh?”

“Because your writing is much better than before.”

“……….Mwu, thanks.”

It’s still embarrassing to hear her say that.

“Well, her story is amazing too ---“

“…Yeah…amazing.”

Since I couldn’t keep calm when reading that story, I didn’t know if it was good or not – but we didn’t talk about its content until just now.

We meant a lot more than what we would say to each other.

Like why did Muramasa-senpai decide to publish something like that?

“Yet…it’s more than a hundred pages.”

“It’s a short story contest, but she submitted a long story. As expected of that girl. She puts on a cool look, but she is just an idiot .”

Yes. As much of an idiot as Elf.

In a short story contest, under the maximum 60 pages, Muramasa submitted a hundred pages long story.

She didn’t try to change it, she would just leave it unchanged so she could publish it (she said something about that if she changed it, the readers would be angry) – of course it became a problem, kids would undoubtedly be scared if they saw such a long story.

Frankly speaking, she cheated. How could we have a competition if everyone acted that way?

“Well, she must be punished in some way, right? Like reduce a certain percent of her votes or something. Wasn’t it one of the reason that you could win?”

“Any more reasons?”

“Of course. The second reason was she *couldn’t write what she wrote best, a fighting novel*”

“Ah…right.”

Yes. The fact is this time, Muramasa-senpai didn’t submit a fighting genre novel.

Not a fighting genre novel – but something totally different.

"Without a fighting genre novel, Muramasa is on the same level as Songoku with nothing but Kaiouken, Genki dama and Kamehameha!"

“She’s still freaking strong!”

What a poor example.

“Yes, but she’s already been weakened a lot – and there was another reason.”

“…And that is?”

“Oh? You asked me ~~ don’t you know it already?”

Elf hid her face and laughed.

…Hey, don’t laugh like that!

“Yeah, I got it.”

I didn’t plan to hide. This was the reason that I believed I could win.

Because Senjyu Muramasa is following in Izumi Masamune’s footsteps.

Because her novel is much better than mine.

Because her novel contained a lot more emotions than mine.

I had to use 300 pages to describe what I wanted to say, but she only used a hundred pages.

"Ah, you're blushing! So cute ~ are you thinking about her letter?"

"Sh, shut up!"

This time, she went to our showdown with a novel ---

Two days before the magazine was published, she managed to find a sample and let me read her hundred page long novel --

"How was that? How do you feel when you read a love letter novel right in front of its author?"

"Kuh….."

--- It was truly a love letter..

I was surprised from page one. Because her novel was written from a first person point of view, the main character – the main female protagonist is a famous author, she met her junior in front of an editorial department and fell in love at first sight.

That was how her story started.

That person was the only one the protagonist loved, the only one that nothing could be compared to.

The protagonist gradually became attracted to him. The development was described with excellent writing. Their love was hot, was filled with hardship, it was both sweet and sour.

A romance novel, unlike anything Senjyu Muramasa wrote before.

That wasn’t something written for everyone – that was a love letter for me only.

A very clear, very direct letter.

Like someone stood next to me and screamed “I like you ~~!!!”

“I thought that I was about to die. I felt both happiness and embarrassment. My face was on fire.”

“Oh ~ looks like you did get moved a bit? You must be happy since a girl confessed to you.”

“I was really happy! But, well, I don’t want that kind of happy.”

Yes, I was so moved that my whole body trembled.

Not to mention that she had been my fan for a long time. That love letter really struck home.

“And then? What was your answer? Did you go out with her?”

I recalled after I read that love letter.

That was a day before the JUMP light novel magazine was published.

In my living room, in front of Muramasa-senpai, I read her novel in silent.

Since she had already read my story – I was reading alone. She sat, and had her attention focused on me.

I was reading her novel and secretly looked at her.

Each time I took a look, I found out that her expression changed .

One time, she blushed.

Another time, she gently put her hand on her chest.

Another time, she looked like she was on the verge of tears.

------- Wowwwwwwwwaahhhhhhhh~~~~~~~~~

Simply put, it's unbearable.

She was already good looking, now she was even cuter than before.

That scene looked similar to my confession in May (although I was rejected)….This kind of confession was really something. To think I did this to my little sister.

My heart was beating like crazy, it made my breathing harder.

"That…Senpai…"

"Yes!? Masamune-kun!"

I swallowed and tried to ask:

“Is this…about us?”

“Eh? Eh? Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh?

Muramasa-senpai was startled, and she stuttered like a child:

“…How could you….see though…”

“That…I knew just from reading it….:

"~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~"

Her whole body reddened in an instant.

Just like me before. The reader knew just from reading, but the author didn’t realize.

Muramasa-senpai was shaking. After a long time, she seemed to recover.

“That, that, that is --! Masamune-kun!”

“Yes?”

She put a hand on her chest and took a deep breath.

Then, with a flushed expression, she looked at me:

“I like you. I like both you and your story.”

I felt like something pierced my heart. No one in this world could withstand a confession like that.

My head was trembling, like there was an earthquake inside.

“ --- Can you please give me a clear answer?”

Back then I felt both happy and in pain.

But no matter what, everything was decided in that moment.

I ---

“Senpai.”

With a low voice, I replied”

“ --- I already have someone I like.”

So I can't answer your feelings.

I was rejected, but I still like that person most in the world.

Even if we couldn’t reach each other for the rest of our life.

I wouldn’t love someone else because of that.

“I understand.”

A few days later, a package was sent to my home.

I was wondering what was inside, but turned out there were some notebooks, the kind for elementary school kids. They were all filled with beautiful words inside.

I looked at the cover. It said:

Fantasy Demon Blade Legend. Volume 12.

Since I wanted to publish a new novel, I had no choice but to put that one on hiatus.

The most famous light novel had been finished.

And there was an afterword too.

The first afterword that Senjyu Muramasa-sensei wrote.

…What did she write?

She wrote only one line:

On a scale of one hundred points, it’s still possible to write a million point novel.

Epilogue

エピローグ

"Look, it's time."

It's now 7:00 pm.

Elf and I pressed F5 on the official website of the World Light novel tournament.

"Hmmm? Hmmmmm? ~~~~~~~~~~"

Both of us had the same reaction.

First place with 2040 votes, Muramasa-senpai's story.

Second place with 2015 votes. Izumi Masamune.

Third place, 1950 votes belonged to a newbie, someone called Shitou Kunimytsu or something.

Next --- Fourth place, 800 votes. Fifth place, 200 votes.

Next was a note:

Senjyu Muramasa-sensei's story *My Un-cute Junior* was disqualified due to a violation of the rules.

"That, that means…."

"There is something else. Since Muramasa was disqualified, the second place winner -- was chosen to be published this September. "

"……………"

My head couldn’t keep up. I stood there stunned.

"That means…."

"Congratulations! You won!"

"Oh yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I screamed in happiness.

And raised my fist towards the ceiling.

Someone might say that based on the vote, I still lost to Muramasa-senpai.

They might say that despite my preparation, and my confidence , I only barely managed a victory. It's not a big deal.

But right now, I didn’t care about any of that!

"Yeah, yeah yeah!!"

I was so happy.

As expected of senpai, she was so strong. Those newbies were strong too. That made my victory sweeter.

Our dream was well-received by readers, this is great.

"Sagiriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Thud! Thud! Knock!

"We won! Victory!!!!!!!!!!!!"

My head was high, I rushed to the second floor.

I only stopped in front of her door.

"Phew…phew…."

I readjusted my breathing, a smile still on my face.

The locked room's door slowly opened in front of me.

Sagiri appeared in a green coat.

Today, she didn’t have her headphones.

"…………"

My little sister only smiled slightly and looked at me.

"Ha…Eheheh…"

I grinned and raised my hand in a V-shape.

"We won."

"Yes."

She nodded:

"We…won."

"Thanks to you."

"I only drew the illustrations, nothing more."

"Even so, it's thanks to you. It's our victory."

"……………Yes."

She blushed and looked down. Probably due to embarrassment.

We stood in silence for a while.

"Ani-san…why did you pick that title?"

She asked me.

Why did I pick *that* title huh?

"It was a moment of inspiration."

I scratched my cheek in embarrassment. Bet my face was red now too.

"When you shouted at Muramasa-senpai --- I suddenly had one. "

"----------"

Sagiri immediately looked up, her eyes widened.

Then she quickly looked down.

"…Is that so?"

"Yes…back then, when I saw you reluctantly do that…you looked like you might fall at any moment, I was worried. As your brother, I should have come to support you."

Instead, I laughed.

I might be disqualified as an elder brother.

"I was very happy. Seeing you so cool, so dazzling…my heart was filled with…."

"…………."

"I like you even more now."

"I, idiot!"

"Haha, just a joke."

Of course it wasn't a joke. That was my true feelings.

"So I picked that title."

I answered my little sister.

Since my mouth wasn't quick enough, it couldn't express my feelings.

Thus, I asked my story to do that for me.

Izumi Masamune's newest light novel*The Cutest Little Sister in the World.*

Published: September 10th

Illustrator: Eromanga-sensei.

Volume 2 Appendix

著:山田エルフ

01 ラノベ作家ステータス表

Pen Name

和泉マサムネ

Data

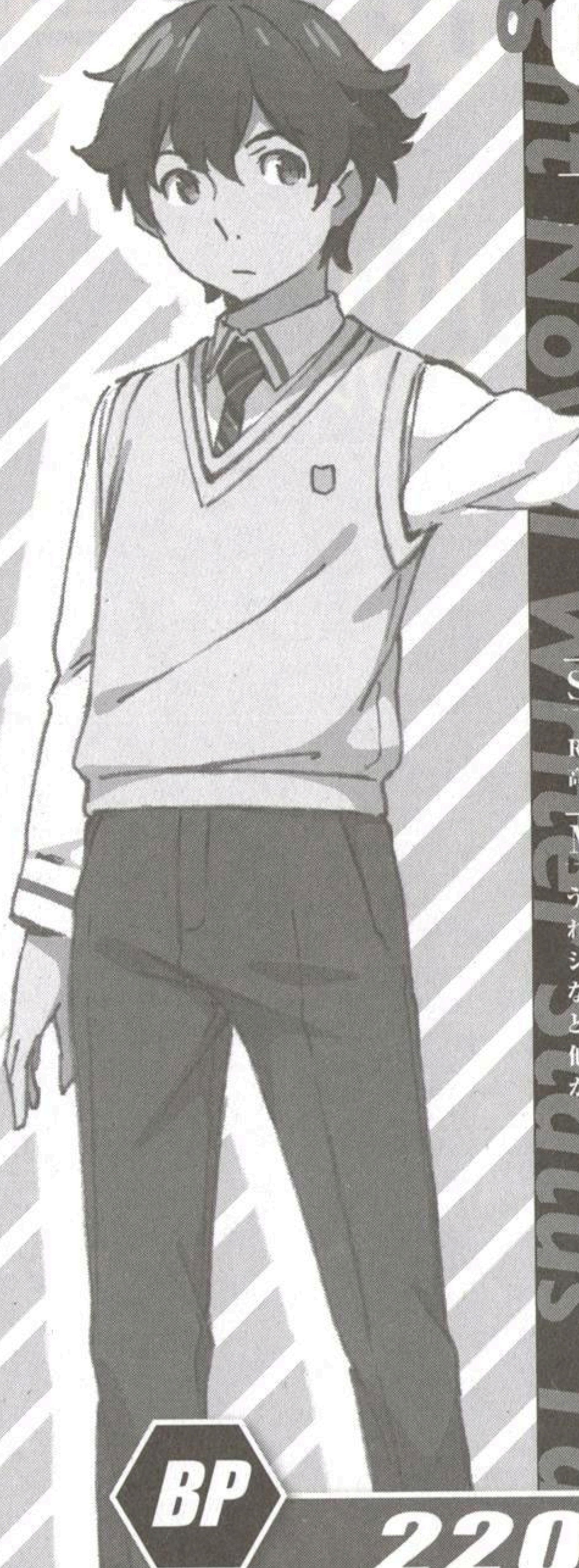
年齢:15歳
血液型:A型
得意ジャンル:学園異能バトル
使用機種:Let's note

Skill

Rank:A　超速筆（スピードスター）Lv.7
高速で小説を書くことができる。

Memo

うちの隣に住んでるラノベ作家よ。たいして売れてないけど、新作には期待しているわ!
シスコンパワーでたやすく限界を超えてくる変なヤツ。妹が好き過ぎて視野狭窄になっているところが欠点ね!
他の女の子(たとえば隣に住んでる美少女とか!)に目を向けると、いいことあるかも!



BP 220000

Light novel writer 01 status: By Yamada Elf

Penname: Izumi Masamune

Data:

Age: 15

Blood type: A

Specialized genre: School supernatural battle

Writing equipment: Let's note.

Skills :

Hyper speed Writing
Rank A Speed Star Level 7

Can write a novel at super-fast speeds.

Memo: He’s the light novel author that lives next door to me. Although his novel isn't any good at the moment, he looks promising.

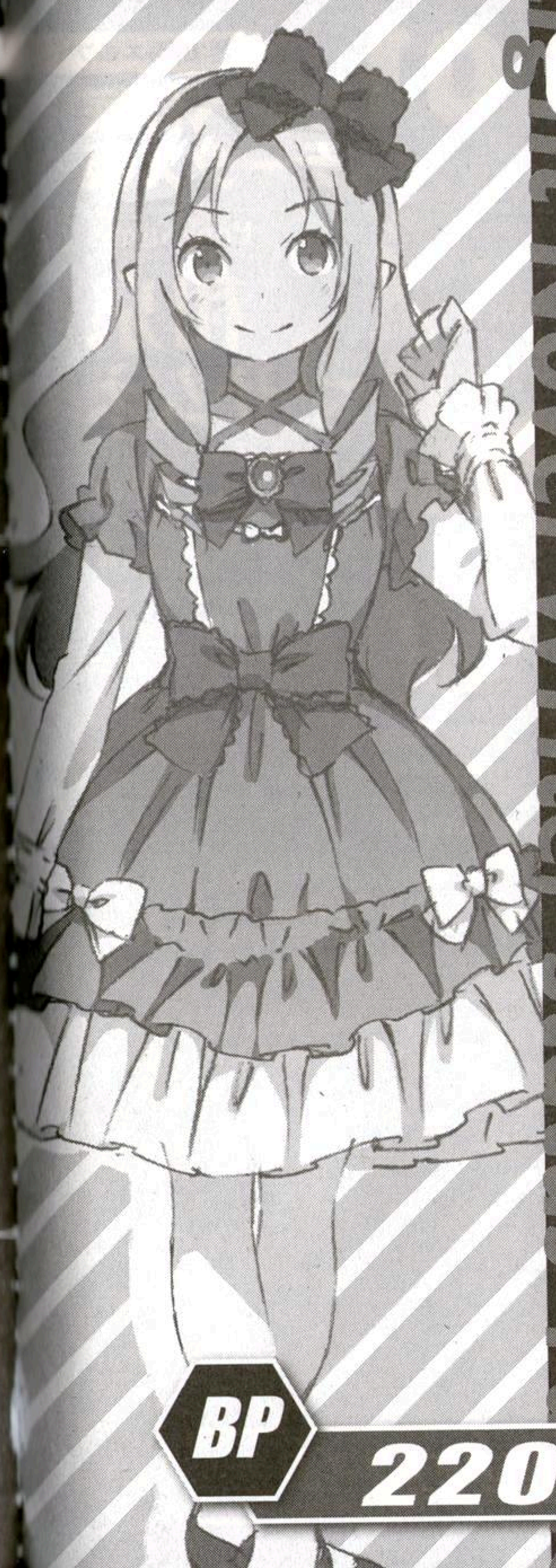
As soon as he called upon his siscon power, he changed into someone different. Since he loves his little sister too much, this causes him to have a one-track mindset.

If he could notice other girls (like the beautiful girl next door), maybe something good could happen!

BP: 220,000

著:山田エルフ

02 ラノベ作家ステータス表



Pen Name

山田エルフ

Data

年齢:14歳
血液型:?
得意ジャンル:ライトファンタジー
エッチなラブコメ
異世界トリップ
使用機種:MacBook

Skill

Rank:B　完成原稿召喚（サモンダークネス） Lv:1
魔界から完成原稿を召喚する。
・締め切りが過ぎていること。
・術者の魔力が充填されていること。
等々、行使には多くの制約がある。
Rank:B　神眼（ゴッドアイ） Lv.Max
読書や観察を通じ、本質を見抜く。
Rank:B　闇の衣（ダークフォース） Lv.1
メディアミックス等をきっかけに発現する精神障壁。
炎上による精神（メンタル）ダメージを10パーセント軽減する。
ちょっぴり捻くれる。

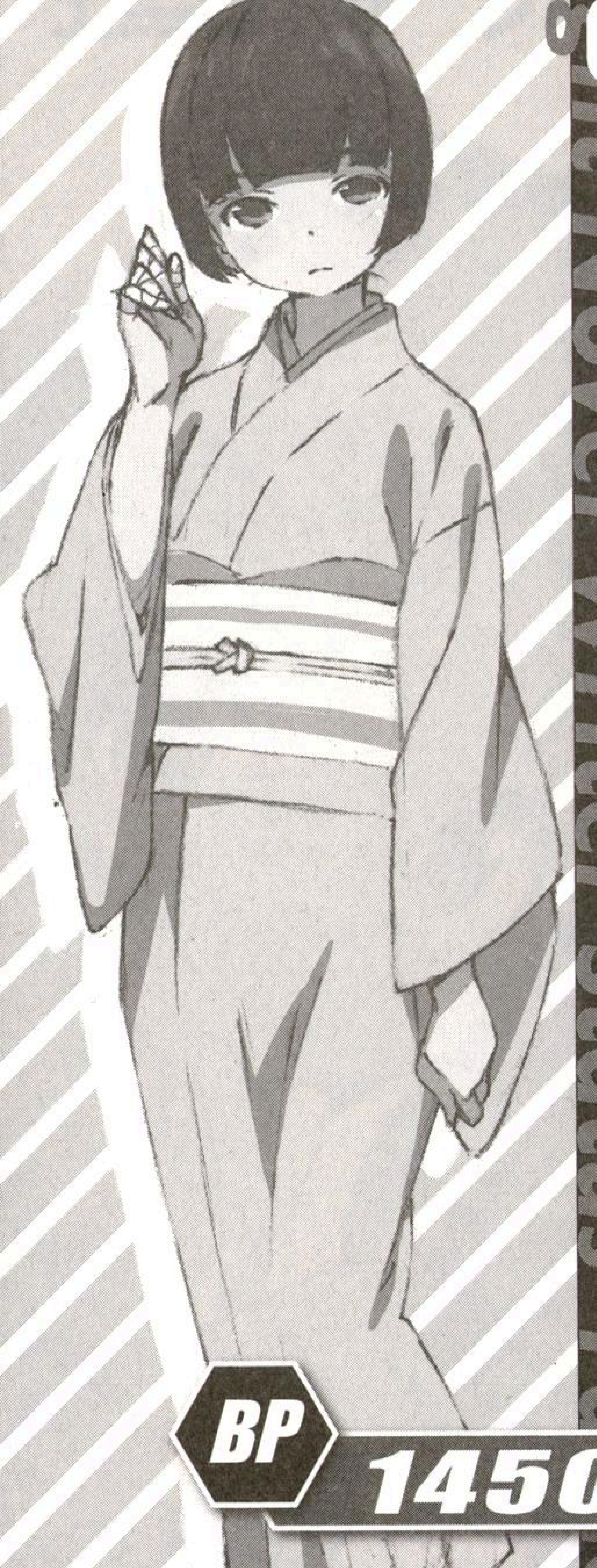
Memo

ラノベ業界を闇から救う、超売れっ子美少女作家よ!!
近い将来最強になるけど、現時点ではこんなもんね!!

BP 2200000

著:山田エルフ

03 ラノベ作家ステータス表



Pen Name

千寿ムラマサ

Data

年齢:14歳　血液型:O型
得意ジャンル:学園異能バトル
使用機種:ジャポニカ学習帳

Skill

Rank:A　呪縛（カースバインド） Lv.Max
読者を呪縛する。
対象を呪縛する。
己を呪縛する。
Rank:A　一意専心（ソウルサクリファイス） Lv.Max
すべての迷いを捨て去る。
命をテキストに変換する。
Rank:A　闇の衣（ダークフォース） Lv.Max
光を除く全属性精神（メンタル）ダメージを完全に無効化する。
光属性の精神（メンタル）ダメージが倍加する。
Rank:A　狂神の瞳（ルナティックアイ） Lv.Max
目視したスキルを獲得する。
耽読した書籍から膨大なExperienceを獲得する。
Rank:A　超速筆（スピードスター） Lv.1
高速で小説を書くことができる。
Rank:A　奪命撃（ヴォーパル・ストライク） Lv.1
???????????
Rank:A　憧憬一途（リアリス・フレーゼ） Lv.Max
?????
????????????
????????????

Memo

和泉マサムネの天敵よ!
ちっともむきになってくれない、つまんねーやつだと思ってたんだけど!
マサムネのおかげで面白くなってきたわ!

BP 14500000

Light novel writer 02 status: By Yamada Elf

Penname: Yamada Elf

Data:

Age: 14

Blood type:?

Specialized genre: Light fantasy

Ecchi romantic comedy.

Adventures in another world

Writing equipment: Macbook

Skill:

Summon Manuscript
Rank B Summon Darkness Level 1

Can summon a finished manuscript from the Netherworld

Requires the deadline to already have passed.

There are many restrictions on how to replenish the user's mana after use.

Eye of God
B rank God Eye: Level Max

Allow the user to see through the true nature of a novel with a glance

Dark Outfit
B Rank Dark Force: Level 1

Gains a mental barrier when multiple works became famous.

Reduces mental damage by 10% when a work is criticized.

A bit of a twist, yeah.

Memo: A super cute famous female novelist who'll rescue the light novel industry from the darkness.

In the near future, she will become the best, her current self is just a small step.

BP: 2,200,000

Light novel writer 03 status: By Yamada Elf

Penname: Senjyu Muramasa

Data:

Age:14

Blood type: 0

Specialized genre: school supernatural battle

Writing equipment: student notebook.

Skill:

Curse
Rank A Chaos Bind:

Bind the readers

Bind the target

Bind the caster

Wholeheartedly
Rank A Soul Sacrifire Level Max

Forgets everything else

Writes a novel with her life

Dark Outfit
S Rank Dark Force: Level Max

Totally negates every attack aside from light-based power.

Double damage from light based attack.

Eyesof a Mad God
Rank A Lunatic Eye Level Max

Allows the user to learn anything that they experience once.

Hyperspeed Writing
Rank A Speed Star Level 1

Can write a novel at a super-fast speed.

Deadly Strike
Rank A Vorpal Strike Level 1

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

A single dream
Rank A Real Freeze Level Max

? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Memo: The nemesis of Izumi Masamune!

I personally think that she’s someone who looks down on everyone else.

Somehow, she's become interested in Masamune!

BP: 14,500,000

Afterword

I'm Fushimi Tsukasa. Thank you everyone for buying Eromanga-sensei volume two. As expected, volume one had sold completely out. I'm very sorry about that, and I thank you all for buying.

Volume two has kicked off the main story line, with some added drama and climax.

I wonder if everyone find them interesting?

If you could laugh about it once, then I'm happy enough.

If you could laugh twice, then it's my big victory.

I planned to add some more twist in volume three.

Please look forward to it.

Next is the announcement.

Recently, Eromanga-sensei has a manga.

At first, when I picked that name, I had given up on marketing it anymore. So I'm very surprised when I received that news.

I'm also very happy.

What would Masamune and Eromanga-sensei be in the manga? I'm so looking forward to it.

I still have to bother Kanzaki Hiro-sensei for helping with the illustration book, which planned to release in June, 2014. I'm going to add a short story too, please take good care of me.

To my readers who sent me their letter, I thank you very much. I thought that after my previous novel is done, I won't see you again….I wondered what would I do if no one sent me anything… But in the end, I received so many letter. Really, it's thanks to you all that I could finish this volume/

I will try to bring you volume three as soon as possible

March 2014, Fushimi Tsukasa, afterword.

Translator's Notes

1. ↑ Remember, Japanese text in light novels are written in a column from right to left.
2. ↑ A reference to Nasuverse, Tsukihime. True Ancestor is basically the first vampire, the most famous one is Arcureid
3. ↑ saintseiya.wikia.com/wiki/Seventh_sense
4. ↑ 和
5. ↑ ﾏ
6. ↑ エ
7. ↑ http://ja.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hyper_Hybrid_Organization
8. ↑ http://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php?title=Gakkou_wo_Deyou!
9. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Read_or_Die
10. ↑ GensouYoutouden- 幻..
11. ↑ "Bitch" ビ is a word that could mean *a malicious spiteful woman* or *a lewd woman* (aka slut). In the West, people usually use the word for the 1st definition while in Japan, it usually refers to a lewd immoral woman.
12. ↑ From the flash game Kantai Collection, Aka Kancolle. This is a good game, until they banned my account.
13. ↑ From Dragon Ball: World_Martial_Arts_Tournament.
14. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Log_Horizon
15. ↑ http://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php?title=Dungeon_ni_Deai_wo_Motomeru_no_wa_Machigatteiru_Da
16. ↑ From Dragon ball, the room in Kami's lookout http://dragonball.wikia.com/wiki/Hyperbolic_Time_Chamber
17. ↑ A tower that existed outside of time and space in Persona 3 . http://megamitensei.wikia.com/wiki/Tartarus

18. ↑ http://image.cmfu.com/books/2340751/40204107.jpg
19. ↑ http://wenwen.sogou.com/p/20100824/20100824223612-1902777823.jpg
20. ↑ probably a shout out to this series: http://kissmanga.com/Manga/Maoyuu-Maou-Yuusha-Be-mine-Hero-I-refuse
21. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Demon_King_Daimao
22. ↑ A underdog novel, not really well known outside of Japan.
23. ↑ A reference to Dragon Quest. A metal slime/metal king slime is a rare, low-hp, high defense, and hard to kill but give lots of experience point and money when killed.
24. ↑ STR: Strength, typical meaning a character's physical attack value in traditional RPG. Here it mean Muramasa focus all of her effort in one aspect only.